



THE



LEISURE HOUR

AUGUST, 1883.

Contents.

James Nasmyth, Engineer	449
The Old Man's Will. By the Author of "A Young Wife's Story." XXXIII.-XXXVI.	452
Some Recent Literary Auctions	461
Courts of Justice in British India	466
On Borrowed Plumes	469
Staging to the Yosemite	475
Some Men of the Great Reform Bill	482



Contents.

The Lost Brother of Tuyu	487
The Bride of Lammermoor	491
Mrs. MacWhirter's Recipe-book	493
Hamble Shell-fish Deposit	497
The late Sir Salar Jung	499
Epping Forest Past and Present	501
The Great Comet of 1882	506
Blackbeetles	507
Be amongst the Few	498
The Veiled Waterfall	500
Varieties	507

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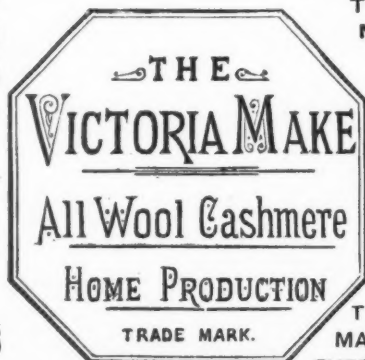
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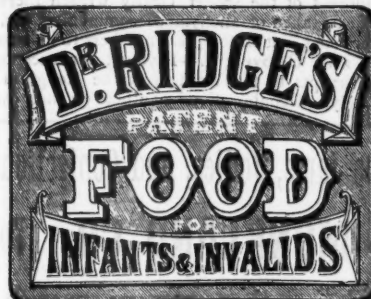
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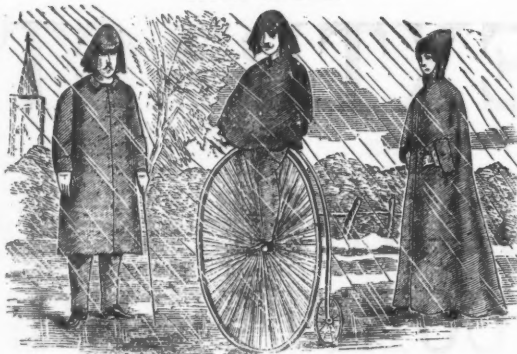
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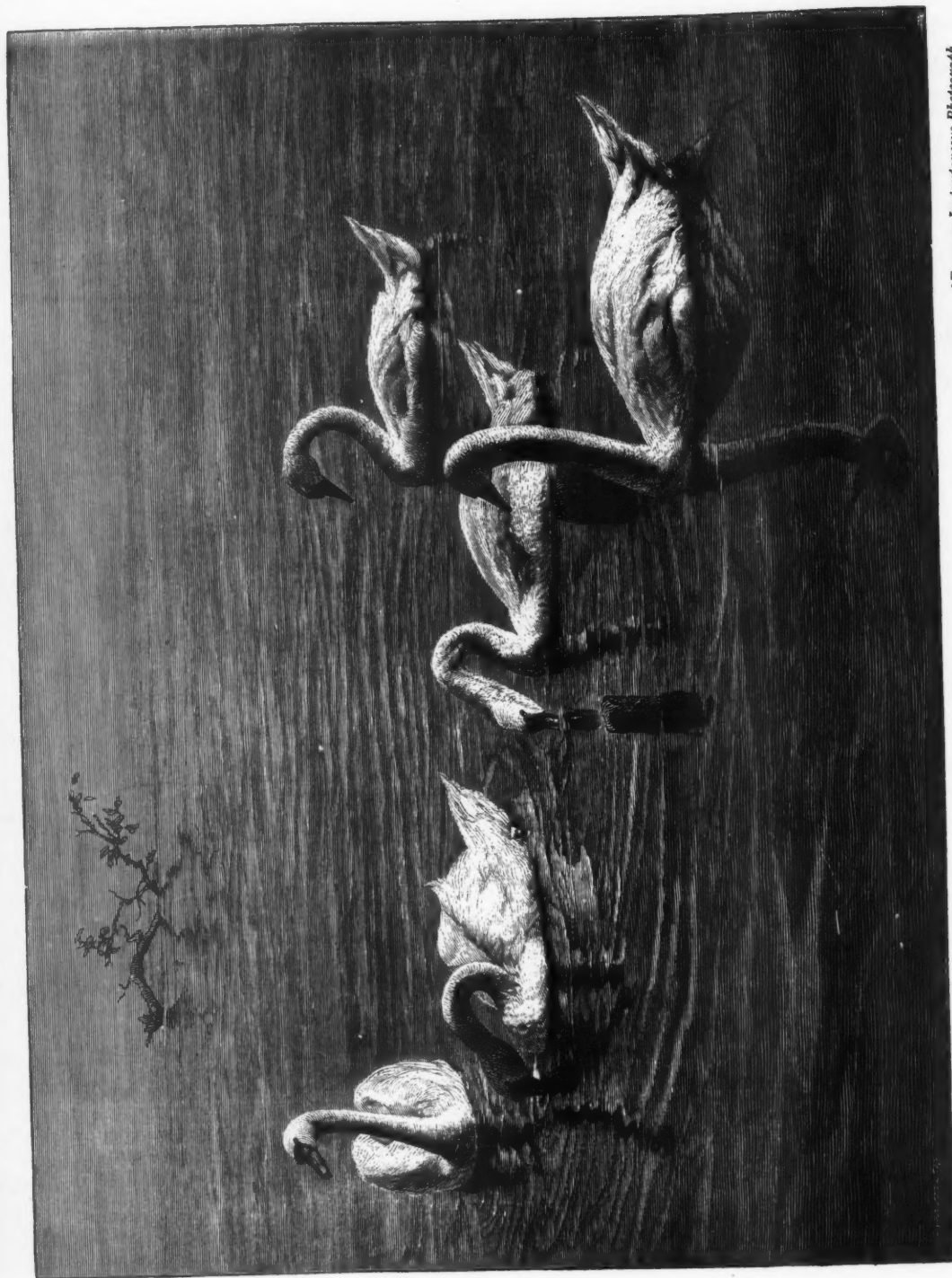
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[From an Instantaneous Photograph]

GROUP OF SWANS.

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JAMES NASMYTH, ENGINEER.



James Nasmyth

A FEW years ago, at one of the receptions of the President of the Royal Society, Mr. Nasmyth was introduced to Cardinal Manning as "The Steam-hammer." After a cordial greeting Dr. Manning suddenly said, "But are you not also 'The Man in the Moon'?" "Yes, your Eminence. I have written a book about the moon, and I shall be glad if you will accept a copy." The book was sent, and drew from the Cardinal a very courteous letter, to the effect that he little knew the size and value of the handsome gift which he had so readily accepted.

It was as an astronomer that the distinguished engineer had in later years appeared before the public, and there are many who remember the intense interest excited at a meeting of the British Association when the veteran observer exhibited his wonderful views of the moon's surface, and also of the "willow-leaf" structure of the sun's photosphere. This latter was declared by Sir John Herschel to be "a most wonderful discovery." "What can they be?" said Sir John;

"they are certainly the most marvellous phenomena that have yet turned up—I had almost said in all Nature; certainly in all astronomy."

These astronomical researches were the recreations of the celebrated engineer after his retirement from active professional life. In 1856, when only forty-eight years of age, he had made enough, during his twenty-two years of business life, to enable him to spend the remainder of his days in the "active leisure" which he desired. Many years before, he had seen a charming picture by his accomplished artist-brother, Patrick Nasmyth, of "A Cottage in Kent." The scene took such a hold of his memory and imagination that he never ceased to entertain the desire and ambition to possess such a cottage as a retreat in his declining life. He found such a cottage near Penshurst, and, with some alterations and addition, it became the home where he still lives in dignified ease and busy enjoyment. "From my hereditary regard for hammers—two broken hammer-shafts being the crest of our family for hun-

dreds of years*—I named the place 'Hammerfield,' and so it remains to this day." His paradise is shared with the wife of his youth, and we hope they may live to celebrate their golden wedding, to which date only seven years are now wanting.

Twenty years ago, in 1863, Mr. Smiles, the author of "Lives of the Engineers" and other popular works, asked Mr. Nasmyth for information about his principal inventions for use in a book of "Industrial Biography, or Ironworkers and Toolmakers." While giving some facts Mr. Nasmyth added, "My life presents no striking or remarkable incidents, and would, I fear, prove but a tame narrative. The sphere to which my endeavours have been confined has been of a comparatively quiet order; but, vanity apart, I hope I have been able to leave a few marks of my existence behind me in the shape of useful contrivances, which are in many ways helping on great works of industry."

It was a reply instinct with the modesty of highest genius. But the writer was subsequently induced to write down recollections of his life, and Mr. Smiles has the good fortune to edit these notes. A more charming and instructive volume of autobiography has rarely appeared. The story of his life, from early boyhood, is told in simple yet stirring and graphic style. Scottish readers will be deeply interested in the recollections of Edinburgh, where he was born, in his father's house, 47, York Place, August 19, 1808. It was in that year that his eldest brother, Patrick, twenty-one years his senior, came to London, and first exhibited at the Royal Academy. The father, Alexander Nasmyth, was himself a distinguished painter, first of portraits and afterwards of landscapes, in which some think he excelled his better-known artist-son. He was also eminent as an architect and engineer, and the intimate friend of most of the great men who then made the northern capital famous. He belonged to the Dilettanti Club, consisting chiefly of artists or lovers of art, who met once a fortnight, on Thursday evenings, in a tavern in the High Street, the drink being restricted to Edinburgh ale and whisky toddy. Among the members were Henry Raeburn, William Allan, John Thomson (of Duddingston), Walter Scott, John Lockhart, David Brewster, David Wilkie, Henry Cockburn, Francis Jeffrey, John Wilson, James Hogg, the Ballantynes, and others who afterwards became distinguished in various spheres, and though politically divided, were in those early days one in patriotic spirit and in generous fellowship.

The youth of James Nasmyth was tended by a father whose character and position may be understood by his being a chief among such a band of Scottish notables. His earliest and best education was in his father's house.

When I was about four years old I often followed my

* The Nasmyths were an old fighting Border family, with the appropriate motto, *Non aris sed Marti*. The engineer happily transposed the words into the characteristic motto, *Non Marti sed aris*. To the "Autobiography," published by John Murray, many pages are prefixed, containing curious records and legends of the Nasmyths in former times of Scottish history. Our portrait is taken from "Men of Mark," by permission of the editor.

father into his workshop when he had occasion to show to his visitors some of his mechanical contrivances or artistic models. The persons present usually expressed their admiration in warm terms of that was shown to them. On one occasion I gently pulled the coat-tail of one of the listeners, and confidentially said to him, as if I knew all about it, "My papa's a kevie fellae!" (a clever or ingenious fellow). My father was so greatly amused by this remark that he often referred to it as "the last good thing from that old-fashioned creature little Jamie."

Some education of the ordinary sort the boy obtained, but he profited most by the informal teaching of his father, whether at home or in expeditions in town or country, when he was a ready recipient of much miscellaneous knowledge. Skill in drawing he was taught to regard as one of the chief elements of training for the young. "The language of the pencil," he says, "is truly a universal one, especially in communicating ideas which have reference to material forms. And yet it is in great measure neglected in our modern system of so-called education."

We must not linger over these early recollections, but proceed to the time when, the boy's taste and aptitude for engineering as his calling being evident, his father took him to London in hope of getting him apprenticed to Maudslay, then at the head of the practical department of the profession. The first interview with the great engineer was discouraging. Mr. Maudslay said that his experience of pupil-apprentices had been so unsatisfactory that he and his partner had resolved to receive no more, whatever premium might be offered. But he invited the father and son to see the works, himself conducting them. On coming to the steam-engine which gave motion to the chief part of the machinery, the stoker was busy under the boiler furnace. Young Nasmyth, on the spur of the moment, exclaimed, "If you would only let me do such a job as *that*, in your service, I should consider myself fortunate." Maudslay turned to him with a keen but kindly look—a look that, the youth said, he would never forget—and said, "And so you are one of that sort, are you?" After having gone the round of the works, the young Scotchman asked permission to show some models and drawings which he had prepared. He was told he might bring them next morning. There was a model engine which he had constructed with much labour and at considerable cost, also some hand sketches of machines and parts of machines in perspective. After examining these specimens of his handiwork, Mr. Maudslay opened the door of his private workshop and said, "This is where I wish you to work, beside me, as my assistant workman. From what I have seen there is no need of an apprenticeship in your case."

This was the turning-point of Nasmyth's career. At the end of his first week Mr. Maudslay told him to go and arrange with the cashier as to the wages he considered his services worth. Knowing the advantages of his position, and having a modest estimate of his own value, he said that if ten shillings a week were not thought too much he could do very well with that! The cashier handed him half-a-sovereign. Nasmyth resolved to keep his weekly expenses within that sum, although he

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had saved £20, and soon after sold, for £35, the model engine. This sum he put in a bank to meet any emergency, but kept his expenses of living within the ten shillings, being determined never to cost his good father another shilling. To economise for his dinner, he got a tinsmith to make a cooking apparatus from his own design, which worked most successfully.

The requisite heat was supplied by an oil lamp with three small single wicks, though I found that one wick was enough. I put the meat in the pot, with the other comestibles, at nine o'clock in the morning. It simmered away all day, until half-past six in the evening, when I came home with a healthy appetite to enjoy my dinner. I well remember the first day that I set the apparatus to work. I ran to my lodging, at about four p.m., to see how it was going on. When I lifted the cover it was simmering beautifully, and such a savoury gusto came forth that I was almost tempted to fall to and discuss the contents. But the time had not yet come, and I ran back to my work.

The meat I generally cooked in it was leg of beef, with sliced potato, bits of onion chopped down, and a modicum of white pepper and salt, with just enough of water to cover "the elements." When stewed slowly the meat became very tender, and the whole yielded a capital dish, such as a very Soyer might envy.* It was partaken of with a zest that, no doubt, was a very important element in its savouriness. The whole cost of this capital dinner was about 4½d. I sometimes varied the meat with rice boiled with a few raisins and a pennyworth of milk. My breakfast and tea, with bread, cost me about 4d. each. My lodgings cost 3s. 6d. a week. A little multiplication will satisfy any one how it was that I contrived to live economically and comfortably on my ten shillings a week. In the following year my wages were raised to fifteen shillings a week, and then I began to take butter to my bread.

Soon after the death of Mr. Maudslay, in 1831, he determined to be his own master. He started first in Edinburgh, removing after a time to Manchester, accompanied by one faithful and clever workman. The story of his gradual advancement, till the establishment of the grand engineering works at Patricroft,† is a perfect romance in the records of industry. We must refer to the autobiography for the narrative of the successive steps in the career of progress, and for details as to the various inventions which made his establishment the envy and the marvel of all workers. He himself gives a list of "the useful contrivances for helping on great works of industry," as in his reply to Mr. Smiles he termed his memorable inventions.

The steam-hammer, as the most powerful and best-known of these inventions, we must refer to, but many other contrivances show the genius and resourcefulness of this great economiser and helper of labour.

When the Great Britain steamship was projected in 1839, it was at first intended that she should be driven by paddles, and for this purpose a paddle-shaft was required of a size and diameter such as had never yet been forged. But it proved that there was not a forge-hammer in England or

Scotland powerful enough for the purpose. The engineer applied to Mr. Nasmyth, and the result must be described by himself:—

This letter immediately set me a-thinking. How was it that the existing hammers were incapable of forging a wrought-iron shaft of thirty inches diameter? Simply because of their want of compass, of range and fall, as well as of their want of power of blow. A few moments' rapid thought satisfied me that it was by our rigidly adhering to the old traditional form of a smith's hand-hammer—of which the forge and tilt hammer, although driven by water or steam power, were mere enlarged modifications—that the difficulty had arisen; as, whenever the largest forge hammer was tilted up to its full height, its range was so small that when a piece of work of considerable size was placed on the anvil the hammer became "gagged;" so that, when the forging required the most powerful blow, it received next to no blow at all, the clear space for the fall of the hammer was almost entirely occupied by the work on the anvil.

The obvious remedy was to contrive some method by which a ponderous block of iron should be lifted to a sufficient height above the object on which it was desired to strike a blow, and then to let the block fall down upon the forging, guiding it in its descent by such simple means as should give the required precision in the percussive action of the falling mass. Following out this idea, I got out my "Scheme Book," on the pages of which I generally *thought out*, with the aid of pen and pencil, such mechanical adaptations as I had conceived in my mind, and was thereby enabled to render them visible. I then rapidly sketched out my steam-hammer, having it all clearly before me in my mind's eye. In little more than half an hour after receiving Mr. Humphries's letter narrating his unlooked-for difficulty, I had the whole contrivance, in all its executive details, before me in a page of my Scheme Book. The date of this first drawing was the 24th November, 1839.

My steam-hammer, as thus first sketched, consisted of, first, a massive anvil on which to rest the work; second, a block of iron constituting the hammer or blow-giving portion; and, third, an inverted steam cylinder to whose piston-rod the hammer-block was attached. All that was then required to produce a most effective hammer was simply to admit steam of sufficient pressure into the cylinder, so as to act on the under-side of the piston, and thus to raise the hammer-block attached to the end of the piston-rod. By a very simple arrangement of a slide-valve, under the control of an attendant, the steam was allowed to escape, and thus permit the massive block of iron rapidly to descend by its own gravity upon the work then upon the anvil.

Thus, by the more or less rapid manner in which the attendant allowed the steam to enter or escape from the cylinder, any required number or any intensity of blows could be delivered. Their succession might be modified in an instant. The hammer might be arrested and suspended according to the requirements of the work. The workman might thus, as it were, *think in blows*. He might deal them out on to the ponderous glowing mass, and mould or knead it into the desired form as if it were a lump of clay; or pat it with gentle taps according to his will, or at the desire of the forgerman.

The simplicity and the efficiency of the contrivance led to its speedy introduction into all countries. The inventor did not sufficiently benefit by this, having taken out no patent; which he secured, however, for the remarkable application of the principle of the steam-hammer to the driving of piles.

The Devonport Docks were to be extended, and an immense portion of the shore of the Hamoaze had to be walled in so as to exclude the tide. To effect this, a vast amount of pile-driving was necessary, and the contractors inquired of Mr. Nasmyth whether he could apply the principles of his steam-hammer for the purpose. Two instruments were at once constructed, and, amidst great

* "I have," he says, "this handy apparatus by me still, and to prove its possession of its full original efficiency I recently set it in action after that rest of fifty years, and found that it yielded results quite equal to my grateful remembrance of its past services."

† Called also the Bridgewater works, being near the canal named after the nobleman of that name, whose successor was a warm friend of the engineer, who was his tenant and neighbour. During a visit to the Earl of Bridgewater, the Queen and Prince Albert visited Mr. Nasmyth's works.

curiosity on the part of the workmen in the dockyard, were set to work. The plan was to fix a moveable steam-hammer, with four-ton hammer-blocks, on the top of the pile which was to be driven. The shoulder of the pile acts as the sole supporter of the hammer-block and cylinder. This heavy weight of itself tends to drive the pile down, while the "momentum given by the repeated fall of the hammer, at eighty blows the minute, brings the constant dead-weight into full action." The account of the first trial of this remarkable invention is very graphic and interesting:—

There was a great deal of curiosity in the dockyard as to the action of the new machine. The pile-driving machine men gave me a good-natured challenge to vie with them in driving down a pile. They adopted the old method, while I adopted the new one. The resident managers sought out two great pile logs of equal size and length—seventy feet long and eighteen inches square. At a given signal we started together. I let in the steam, and the hammer at once began to work. The four-ton block showered down blows at the rate of eighty a minute; and in the course of *four and a half minutes* my pile was driven down to its required depth. The men working at the ordinary machine had only begun to drive. It took them upwards of *twelve hours* to complete the driving of their pile.

Such a saving of time in the performance of similar work—by steam *versus* manual labour—had never before been achieved. The energetic action of my steam-hammer, sitting on the shoulders of the pile high up aloft, and following it suddenly down, the rapidly hammered blows keeping time with the flashing out of the waste steam at the end of each stroke, was indeed a remarkable sight. When my pile was driven, the hammer-block and guide case were speedily rehoisted by the small engine that did all the labouring and locomotive work of the machine; the steam-hammer portion of which was then lowered on to the shoulders of the next pile in succession. Again it set to work. At this the spectators, crowding about in boats, pronounced their approval in the usual British style of "three cheers!" My new pile-driver was thus acknowledged as another triumphant result of the power of steam.

At the Bridgewater Foundry Nasmyth had opportunity of showing his masterly management of social as well as physical difficulties. He had abundance of skilled labour, and naturally sought to place or to promote workmen according to their steadiness, industry, skill, or other merit. To his astonishment, he found that the Trade Unionists of the place objected to a master being "boss in his own works." This is what the "Edinburgh Review" calls "that disastrous influence which seeks to establish the industry of the idlest and

the ability of the stupidest and least conscientious workmen as the normal type, which none may better except at the risk of starvation."* Mr. Nasmyth was not the man to submit to such tyranny. The usual methods were had recourse to—abuse, threats, stationing of pickets, and the other barbarian tactics. Mr. Nasmyth determined to get a body of able workmen from Scotland, and narrates the result:—

We made arrangements for their conveyance to Glasgow, from whence they started for Liverpool by steamer. They landed in a body at the latter port, many of them accompanied by their wives and children, and eight-day clocks! A special train was engaged for the conveyance of the whole—men, women, and children, bag and baggage—from Liverpool to Patricroft, where suitable accommodation had been provided for them.

The arrival of so powerful a body of men made a great sensation in the neighbourhood. The men were strong, respectable-looking, and well dressed. The pickets were "dumfounded." They were brushed to one side by the fresh arrivals. They felt that their game was up, and they suddenly departed. The men were taken over the workshops, with which they appeared quite delighted. They were told to be ready to start next morning at six, after which they departed to their lodgings. The morning arrived, and the gallant sixty-four were all present. After allotting to each his special work, they gave three hearty cheers, and dispersed throughout the workshops.

We had no reason to regret the alterations which had been accomplished through the strike ordered by the Trades' Union. The new men worked with a will. They were energetic, zealous, and skilful. They soon gave evidence of their general handiness and efficiency in all the departments of work in which they were engaged. We were thus enabled to carry out our practice of free trade in ability in our own way, and we were no longer interfered with in our promotion of the workmen who served us the best. In short, we had Scotch the strike; we conquered the union in their wily attempt to get us under their withering control; and the Bridgewater Foundry resumed its wonted activity in every department.

We can afford no more space for extracts, and only commend the book as full of interesting matter, for non-professional and professional readers. After a time we hope it may be produced in cheaper form, that engineers and mechanics of every class may profit by its lessons. Certainly among the men of mark in the Victorian reign who have made this "the age of the engineers," no one has had a more remarkable career or has set a more noteworthy example than James Nasmyth.

* Trade unions of a legitimate kind do not interfere with personal liberty either of master or man, and are combinations for mutual benefit in matters of honest effort.

THE OLD MAN'S WILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—SEPARATION.

WHEN Ernest returned he came straight to his aunt, telling her that he had secured a bed in the village, as it was not his intention to sleep under Harold's roof. He found her sitting by the fire in a pensive mood, her knitting lying on her lap and her grey locks straggling

about her forehead. She was ruminating over the bitterest disappointment of her life, the irreclaimable character of her favourite nephew.

"There is no occasion for your leaving us this evening," she replied, when Ernest had finished giving an account of his day's work. "Harold is

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gone, and does not come back till the day after to-morrow, if then. Remain here to-night as my guest. I have much to say. I have not always been as kind to you as I ought to have been. Contrary to my judgment, my foolish heart has often rebelled against your being in your uncle's favour, and Harold excluded, even when he was but a memory, and now God has punished me."

For a time she sat silent, shading her eyes with her hand. When she spoke again, it was in a different tone. "But I am ever hard, perhaps even now I am unjust to Harold, not making sufficient allowance for the temptations and associations that have always been at work against him. I am too harsh, and it is no excuse to say that such is my nature. God forgive me that, having so many faults of my own, I have so little charity for those of others!"

As Miss Matty did not explain her meaning, Ernest was left in doubt whether the old partiality was not leading her to take part with Harold in excusing what she must disapprove. His own course was mentally mapped out, but Etta's forlorn condition weighed upon his mind. It was about her that he wished to consult his aunt.

"You will do what you can to befriend Etta Lacy, will you not? The family owe her a home at least, and you alone are in a situation to offer it."

"I have been thinking that your marriage must necessarily be deferred," replied Miss Matty, looking at him inquiringly. "When I offered to take her it was under the impression that she would soon return to her own home. Mine would be dull for a continuance."

"You could at least offer it," answered Ernest, without noticing his aunt's first reference. "You will take her with you, I suppose?"

"I must at least make her the offer."



THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN STRANGERS.

"And be a friend to her, I hope. She will sorely need one," he continued.

"I will do my best by her."

Ernest agreed to remain, as his aunt had many things to talk over with him. He did not, however, appear at the evening repast, though summoned two or three times. The few words he had spoken to Etta in the afternoon were unimportant. He had excused himself for leaving her abruptly on the plea that he was going to hand over his uncle's account-books to Mr. Nash, who would deliver them to Harold, and that he must consequently put them in order.

Finding that he did not come, Etta went to fetch him. The day had been sad and bewildering, and his long absence had aggravated her unhappiness. She found him in his uncle's room, busily engaged amidst a quantity of volumes and papers. "See here, Etta," he said, arresting her attention by pointing to a large tin box; "the contents of this concern the estate, and are chiefly leases of farms. They belong to Harold now. When I go away I shall leave the key with Mr. Nash. Harold will have easy possession."

"And my papers—what did Mr. Nash say to them?"

"I did not show them; they are of no manner of use as far as your expectations are concerned."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. And now I am ready to go down."

Putting out the large candles lighted for his occupation, he took up a chamber candlestick and went towards the door. Not a word of tenderness was addressed to Etta, not a glance or movement in keeping with a lover's privilege, but he stood back to let her pass, stiffly, as if they had been strangers. Had he been only sorrowful Etta would have attributed his reserve to the sudden change in his prospects, but he was cold and distant. Her heart sank; if she lost him she lost everything.

Contrary to her custom, she this evening occupied herself with his comforts at table, waiting upon him with dexterity and alacrity, although he requested her more than once not to take so much trouble. She and Miss Matty had had their tea, and the latter sat brooding over the fire as one oppressed with heavy thoughts. Presently she turned towards her nephew. "Did I tell you that Harold has a son, a boy between five and six, in whom he appears quite wrapped up?"

"I did not know that he was even married."

"I heard a rumour of his marriage that was never confirmed. It seems that when robbed and left for dead by one of his companions in the bush, he was found and nursed by the daughter of some poor settler out there, whom he afterwards married. I suspect she could hardly have been produced in England. Apparently he does not regret her, but is extravagantly fond of his boy, and, he says, rejoices over his good fortune more for the child's sake than his own."

Suffering this information to pass without comment, Ernest entered upon another subject. "By-the-bye, you gave me that unfortunate cheque, found, I suppose, among Etta's papers. I will return it to you with the others which I left in the pocket of my coat upstairs," he said, address-

ing the latter part of his sentence to Etta. "When you know more of Harold it may be a gracious act on your part to restore it to him. You shall have it to-morrow."

He moved his chair round to the fire and sat for some time silent and abstracted. Etta, to whom every minute of his presence was now more valuable than she could say, seated herself beside him and stole her tiny hand into his. Harold's sudden appearance on the scene, with claims that no one thought of disputing, made her keenly alive to the solace of Ernest's support. And now he was going away, for after what she had seen that morning there could be no other alternative—the two cousins could not meet in amity. Where would Ernest go, and what would he do? She longed to ask the question, but had no encouragement to make the inquiry. He talked to his aunt from time to time, but never once looked at her with the old kind glance for which she now hungered as she had never thought it possible to do—not even when he told her that his aunt intended to take care of her.

"Yes, your home is with me as long as you can make yourself happy in it, or until you find a better," added Miss Matty.

The better home Etta supposed to mean her marriage, and wondered how and when it would take place—not with the repugnance she had hitherto experienced, but with a longing for protection and a dawning appreciation of a good man's love.

By the following morning her busy brain had worked out some painful conclusions. Like her primeval parent, she was to be driven from paradise by her own fault. Her selfish desire to keep all had resulted in losing everything. Even Mr. Rivers, could he know how matters stood, would be as dissatisfied as she was.

In consequence of her introspection, Etta went down to breakfast with one thought ever uppermost—what could she do to show regret for her own conduct and admiration for that of Ernest towards her? They had parted politely, but coldly, the previous evening. Was it her fault? Perhaps it was, for, meeting with no response to her sundry little efforts to engage his attention, she had imagined herself slighted, and made no further attempt to please.

When she entered the room Miss Matty only was there, and she saw at a glance that there were preparations simply for two. Such had been the case in the lifetime of Mr. Rivers, but since his death Ernest had always breakfasted with them.

"Where is Ernest?" she asked, in some trepidation. "Does he not come to breakfast?"

"He had his long ago, and is now probably on his way to London."

"And is he not coming back?" she inquired, anxiously, the sudden separation causing her a pang that made her almost shiver.

"Not very likely, nor can we wish him to encounter Harold again. He has left a letter for you," and Miss Matty gave her one that lay beside her plate.

Touching the envelope with trembling fingers, Etta laid it down, not having courage to open it

in presence of another, and busied herself in pouring out the tea and attending to Miss Rivers. This was the first letter ever received from Ernest, and something told her that the contents would not be agreeable, or why had he written instead of speaking?

As soon as Miss Matty had finished her last cup of tea she considerably quitted the room. Left alone, Etta immediately took up the envelope, it was large and sealed. Opening it, not without anxiety, she took out the enclosure, consisting only of the letters given Ernest the day before and nothing more. The tears rushed to her eyes. "And is this all?" she thought. "Is he going away for ever and no word of leave-taking, not a syllable, not a sign of regret? Am I nothing more to him?" Her mood, however, soon changed, and she struggled successfully against the rising tide of feeling for some minutes, but nature would have its way. Suddenly breaking down and resting her elbows on the table, she hid her face in her hands. A movement of the door startled her into an upright attitude forgetful of her tell-tale eyes. It was only Miss Matty, who merely informed her that Merry was coming.

Scrambling up the scattered papers, she tried to thrust them hastily back into the envelope, when she became conscious of some resistance. It was another letter, one she had overlooked, and in Ernest's handwriting. Having gained her apartment she eagerly unfolded the precious pages, the first words of which sent a chill through her veins. It began,

"Dear Miss Lacy,—Without entering into explanations, which, between you and me, are as unnecessary as undesirable, I am sure you are far too clever not to perceive that the unexpected event of yesterday and its results must completely alter our relative position. When I could have secured you, what I believe my uncle never intended you to forfeit, the possession of Deane Hall, I wished very sincerely to make you my wife, and would have done my utmost to make your life a happy one. Now that I have no home to offer, my own livelihood being henceforth precarious, you will readily understand that to cancel our engagement is as much a necessity as a duty. I need not add that my poor services will always be at your disposal whenever they can be of use, and I hope you will not cease to regard me as a friend. In that capacity let me now persuade you to accept without scruple, and as your due, whatever Harold may be induced to assign you out of the estate. It will not, I fear, be much, far below what you might rightly expect, but Mr. Nash will see to your interest as far as he can.

"Disappointment has met us both on the threshold of life; let us not lose courage, but bear our trial bravely, hoping that the next turn of affairs may be in our favour; but if not, is it not worth while to endeavour to merit it? Trusting and believing that your usual cheerful disposition will, before long, make its natural rebound, I remain, now and ever,

"Your sincere friend,

"ERNEST RIVERS."

It cannot be said that Etta was surprised or

shocked or purely distressed by the contents of her letter. Her feeling was mixed, and her good sense was sufficiently alive to comprehend that, under existing circumstances, Ernest could not act otherwise. For these circumstances, she asked herself, was she not responsible?

Sadly she gazed from the window over the meadows and fields, intersected by lanes and hedges, now bare and dismal-looking under the grey sky of a cold January morning. Her heart was in keeping with the scene without. Within ten days Deane Hall had changed hands three times, and at each change she had lost. For two or three days it had been hers solely, next Ernest's, and now it belonged to another. Had it remained hers what would she have done? Event had succeeded event so rapidly, producing such corresponding alterations in herself, that the exultant flutter with which she had first hailed her supposed inheritance seemed to have been experienced months ago. And yet it was but recent. A very short while since she had been desirous of acting a foolish, selfish, and childish part. As she appeared now in her own eyes she must all along have done to Ernest, consequently his offer to make her his wife proceeded only from generosity. She turned again to the letter, but only to find further food for humiliation and an aggravation of her distress. There was kindness and consideration for her, but not a word of reproach. Neither was there in it a shadow of regret, nor of personal regard. Sitting and thinking over the catastrophe she was lamenting, she came to the conclusion that in one respect Ernest had had an escape—he would not be forced to pass his life with an uncongenial companion. And for herself—ah! there her bosom ached as it had never ached before, and she could scarcely understand all her heaviness. In remembering that her years were to be passed with his aunt, instead of with him, she began to realise the extent of her loss. His voice and presence were so familiar: for months they had been a part of her everyday life, and she knew that she should miss him at every turn. Oh, if only she could have her chances over again!

Once more Etta took up the letter and admired the manliness that turned so resolutely from hopes destroyed to work and toil. "Shall I not try and follow his example in my small way?" she thought, endeavouring to make a mental sketch of the trials that might beset a life with Miss Matty. From childhood till now she had been dreaming of doing, but always after her own fashion; henceforth she would listen to others, making self-discipline her starting-point. To glorify God by acts of benevolence and charity was once her principal idea of the duties of religion, but now she dimly perceived that these might also consist in submission to His will under circumstances most repugnant to the natural feelings.

It was not in one leap, nor in one day, nor in one month that Etta attained to that state of mind, but gradually. Time did much, her own good sense also did something, and daily contact with the blunt, straightforward nature of Miss Matty, working with the principles instilled by Mr. Reade, did more.

Earth's troubles often bring us nearer to God, just as the dark night brings out the stars invisible in the sunshine.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

MISS MATTY took some pains to draw Etta out of herself. Less than any one could she quarrel with Ernest's decision. It was a necessity from which there was no appeal. To her great satisfaction, Etta, having shown the letter, made no comment upon it, and maintained a strict reserve upon the subject.

"That is well," thought Miss Matty, as Etta, having been invited to keep her company, took a piece of work into the sitting-room and sat down nearly opposite her.

"I do not know," she said, "when Harold may return; he did not seem able to tell himself. When he comes we shall leave. I shall send Sarah tomorrow to prepare for us, and shall write to-day to give Abraham and his wife notice of our arrival. Perhaps you will find me less cross-grained at home than here. A quiet life need not be a dull one."

To all this Etta placidly assented. She meant to do her best to show her gratitude, the only feeling of which she thought herself henceforth capable. Miss Matty touched upon other subjects, regretting that the loss of the will prevented any provision for Merry, as Harold did not seem disposed to recognise any considerations of that sort.

"Could you not take him with you?" asked Etta.

"I fear not, having a faithful old servant who is gardener and general factotum. I could not send him away, and cannot afford to keep two."

"Merry has always been kind to me; I wish—" What Etta wished was not uttered aloud.

The sound of wheels approaching the front door stopped the conversation. Miss Matty ejaculated the word "Harold!" as if struck by an unpleasant surprise; Etta looked uneasily about her, but neither of them stirred. There was noise and bustle in the hall, and presently Merry appeared, ushering in two ladies, Mrs. Henry Rivers and Miss Bellair. Miss Matty was startled.

Recognising at once that she was in the presence of Ernest's mother and cousin, Etta moved a little forward while waiting to be introduced, with a rosy colour on her cheeks.

"Did you not expect us?" inquired Mrs. Henry Rivers, as Miss Matty bluntly expressed her surprise.

"Well, we did and we didn't. We thought at one time you might be here in a few days, but I know that Ernest telegraphed to you not to come."

"And we had left home a day or two earlier in order to pay a visit to Lucy's aunt on our way here. What has happened to make him put us off? Ah, this is little Etta, my future daughter-in-law," continued Mrs. Rivers, without pausing for a reply, laying a caressing hand on the young

girl's shoulder; "and this is my other daughter, Lucy Bellair, Ernest's cousin," indicating the lady a little behind her.

Returning the smiles of Mrs. Rivers with interest, Etta shyly kissed the fingers on her neck, and then Mrs. Henry folded her in a maternal embrace.

Tired with her journey, she seated herself languidly as soon as the first civilities of meeting were over, and looked towards Miss Matty, who, supposing she was asked for an explanation, after the preliminary warning that everything was now topsy-turvy, blurted out the news that Harold had appeared, that Ernest was gone away, and that Deane Hall now belonged to the elder brother, who had already been there to claim it.

"Harold!—Harold!" repeated Mrs. Henry Rivers, her white lips quivering with the shock, and then fell back in her chair, seeming more dead than alive. Springing to her side, Miss Bellair set about offering every attention, took off her bonnet, called for water and a scent-bottle, and finally reproached Miss Matty for so abrupt a disclosure of bad news to one so sensitive and delicate.

"What are we to do?" said Miss Bellair. "She will now have one of her nervous attacks, and we shall not be able to move her for several days."

With Etta's assistance she laid Mrs. Henry on the sofa, chafed her hands, and freely applied restoratives. When after a time the lady opened her eyes and encountered those of Etta, she saw in them so much sorrow that she involuntarily put out her hand, and rested it on Etta, saying,

"My dear, how can you bear it?"

"Because I must," replied Etta. "I have no other reason."

Meanwhile Miss Matty, as soon as recovered from the shock her own imprudence had caused, went away to see what accommodation could be given on so short a notice. On her return she tried to speak gently and kindly, albeit inwardly conscious of a contemptuous pity for sensitiveness she could not do otherwise than regard as weakness.

Before nightfall Mrs. Henry and Miss Bellair were comfortably installed in the best bedroom. Dr. Philips had been called in, and he insisted that the patient must not be moved until strength returned. Miss Matty wrote to tell Ernest what had happened, and so did Miss Bellair; and the former wrote also to Harold. Not knowing his address, she sent the letter to Mr. Nash, hoping that the two might be in correspondence. From her late experience of Harold's character, she had misgivings as to how he would like to find Ernest's mother established in his house.

By Saturday Mrs. Henry Rivers was so far recovered as to be able to go downstairs. The drawing-room was consequently warmed and made ready for her reception. The covers were taken off, the chairs placed about in picturesque disorder instead of resting with their backs to the wall; the curtains were taken out of their bags and looped into graceful curves, and all the ornaments the house possessed were gathered together

to decorate the tables; in short, one of Etta's dreams was realised, though not for herself.

Etta ran to the sofa and rearranged the pillows as the patient entered, not however to the mind of Miss Bellair, who put her aside with stately superiority and altered their position. Snubbed so decidedly, Etta meekly withdrew into the background; but when the tea was brought she again came forward with the sweetest smiles, waiting upon the invalid with tact and alacrity. She found a small table to place beside her, shaded the lamp, adjusted her cushions, and gently coaxed her to take this and try that, until Miss Matty was as much irritated as surprised.

"Don't force your attentions upon Mrs. Rivers, child," she said, almost crossly, when that lady and Lucy had retired for the night; "can't you see that they are not wanted, and that she is afraid to accept them?"

"It was such a pleasure to me to wait upon her," replied Etta, with a look of innocent astonishment. "I did not think she minded."

"Some one else does."

"Does that matter? I mean no harm to Miss Bellair; she is always with her aunt, but I shall never see her again."

The mournful tone of voice caused Miss Matty to look up. Etta sat abstractedly rolling up and down before her a ball of Miss Rivers's best wool. The lamplight fell on her face, bowed down in an attitude of deep dejection, though apparently watching the movement of the ball. There was such an air of quiet resignation about her that Miss Matty was touched in spite of herself.

"We are not intended to know the future, and for that we may be thankful. It would sometimes be putting heavy burdens on weak shoulders, and at others anticipating what may never happen. Let each day have its own cares and no more, and then the weak shoulders will grow strong and fitted for whatever may be put upon them," said Miss Rivers, kindly. "Good night, Etta; try and make yourself happy with me. I will let you doctor all the old women and babies in the parish, and give you plenty to do."

So saying, she stroked the young girl's head with unwonted tenderness; it even entered into her thoughts to kiss her, but Etta showed so little expectation of such an event that the lady relinquished her intention.

CHAPTER XXXV.—TAKING POSSESSION.

THE following morning brought news of the master of the house. He was coming the next day with his son and the nursemaid. He ordered two rooms to be prepared and dinner to be ready at six o'clock. The letter was addressed to his aunt, and explained that the illness of his little boy had detained him in London. A postscript added that he might call on Mr. Nash on his way, and in that case the child and his nurse would arrive before him.

Were it not for the presence of the other guests and her doubt of the welcome they might receive,

Miss Matty would have been glad to see him. She was tired of her life at the Hall, and longed to be again in her own quiet home. And yet the fact of Harold's coming down upon them with so short a warning was not altogether disagreeable. Perhaps the meeting with Mrs. Henry Rivers, which otherwise might never have taken place, would dispose him to make some concessions to Ernest. Mrs. Henry thought so too, and was resolved to appeal to her nephew's feelings as well as justice on behalf of her son. Of course, Harold furnished the subject of conversation that evening, though the substance was chiefly conjecture, being confined to Mrs. Henry Rivers and her niece. Miss Matty maintained a rigid silence, and Etta briefly stated that he was rough and disagreeable, and as unlike Ernest as it was possible to be.

The morrow came. About three o'clock in the afternoon a fly, loaded with as much luggage as it could well carry, arrived, and deposited at

the front door a little boy and an ordinary maid-servant. As the flyman had neglected to ring, no one was there to receive them. Whilst the maid proceeded to supply the omission for herself, the little fellow kicked violently against the door, calling out lustily for some one to open it.

Etta, chancing to be in the hall, did so, and made her first acquaintance with the future heir by bidding him not to be so noisy, as a lady was ill in the house. "Not in there! not in there!" she said, darting at the child, who was about to rush unceremoniously into the room occupied by Mrs. Henry Rivers; then, turning to his attendant, she desired her to take him by the hand and lead him upstairs.

By this time Merry and Lizzie appeared, and were soon followed by Miss Matty. The flyman was sent round to the back door with the luggage, and Lizzie was ordered to show the young woman and her charge upstairs. "I go here, not upstairs! I go where I like!" exclaimed the boy.

Miss Matty, putting on her spectacles, looked at him gravely for a few seconds; then, glancing towards the maid, she asked deliberately, "Where does this young savage come from? Take him away; he does not belong to us. Take him away directly. Show him where to go, Lizzie."

Whether it was Miss Matty's stern face that impressed him, her widely-opened eyes rendered more staring by the spectacles, or her tall form towering so far above him, the little fellow, for a moment overawed, gazed at her in astonishment, and ceased his noisy efforts for admission. Miss Matty then, quietly putting him aside with her powerful hand, entered the room and closed the door behind her.

"Come with me, and be a little gentleman," whispered Lizzie, in a coaxing tone. "We shall be good friends. I know your papa very well."

"Yes, Master Jack, your papa will soon be here, and then you can go wherever you like."

The slight yielding perceptible in the child's face as Lizzie spoke disappeared altogether at the



THE ARRIVAL OF THE HEIR

injudicious remark of his nurse, and he hurried once more to the door, saying he wanted to go in there.

Having retired from the struggle when Miss Matty appeared on the scene, Etta was now standing aloof, employed in picking off the dead leaves from the plants still left in the hall, apparently taking no notice of what was passing. Jack eyed her curiously for a minute, surprised perhaps that she did not join the others in opposing him, and then, changing his mood, went up to her, saying graciously, "I will play with you if you like."

"But I can't play with you. I only like to play with good boys who do as they are bid."

"Then I shall hit you," he retorted, suiting the action to the word.

"What a wicked little savage!" she exclaimed, reddening with pain, and, leaving the two maids to manage him as they could, she followed Miss Matty's example and entered the drawing-room, where her disturbed countenance and agitated manner immediately challenged attention.

The scuffling and bustle outside ceased after a time, and were succeeded by echoes of shrieks and laughter and feet hurrying to and fro; and they too in their turn subsided.

Harold did not arrive till within half an hour of dinner. He came noisily into the hall, complained that it was too dimly lighted to see a foot before him, called loudly for Jack, and then asked for his aunt. Merry opened the drawing-room door and showed him Miss Matty standing before the fire.

"Well, aunt, all alone! Where is the benefactress?" he said, holding out his hand.

"She has just escaped from the young savage outside."

"Oh, you mean my Jack," said Harold, looking for a moment concerned and then bursting into a laugh. "It won't do to meddle with him." He went on laughing softly and spasmodically about three notes at a time, until Miss Matty lost all patience.

"I can tell you something," she added, "which will probably vex you far more than your child's ill-conduct;" and she then informed him of his Aunt Henry's arrival and subsequent illness.

"And what made her ill?"

"Ask who, instead of what, and I shall have to say, 'I did,' by too suddenly making her acquainted with her son's change of fortune. She and her niece Miss Bellair came on a visit to him. All things considered, perhaps it would be difficult to imagine a greater shock than she received."

"And how long am I to be favoured with this family party?"

"Not a day longer than is necessary. As soon as my sister-in-law is well enough to leave we all go."

"I did not contemplate your leaving me so quickly, Aunt Matty," he said, in a gentler tone than any he had yet used.

"But I am in a hurry to get home. My work here is done."

"Dinner at six, I suppose. Which is my

room?" he asked over his shoulder as he sauntered towards the door.

"I have given you your uncle's room. Jack and the maid are a flight higher."

"Then I wish you had given me any other," he answered, shortly. "I shall take Jack with me."

At the summons of Miss Matty, Merry appeared with a light, and almost directly the house was filled with an uproarious noise in which Jack's treble predominated.

Despising the ceremony of dressing for dinner, Miss Matty remained below, and was not a little astonished at seeing her guests come down in what were meant for evening dresses, Mrs. Henry Rivers in black silk and jet ornaments, with a good deal of black lace floating about her, and Miss Bellair in mauve. Etta too was dressed with unusual care, her hair becomingly arranged, and her black dress with its dainty frilling sufficiently open to leave her white throat free, and show the graceful poise of her head to the greatest advantage. This being the first time Ernest's mother had dined with them, it was Etta's great desire to make a favourable impression upon her.

Some minutes elapsed before the master of the house made his appearance. He came in his coloured morning clothes, holding Jack by the hand and listening to the chattering of his shrill excited voice. A lamp was on the table, but the four ladies were sitting in the light of the fire and nearly formed a half-circle.

"Your aunt, Mrs. Henry Rivers, and her niece, Miss Bellair," said Miss Matty, when Harold had advanced a few steps into the room.

"I should apologise for being here," said Mrs. Rivers, "were it not that the circumstances which made me your guest instead of my son's have been too sudden and unexpected for me to provide against them, but I will not trespass upon your hospitality longer than I am obliged."

Though her words sounded measured, her voice was very sweet, and she ended with a smile that most men would have thought bewitching. As Harold responded with a murmured hope that she would make herself at home, she slightly raised her head from the pillows on which she was reclining. Miss Bellair made a dignified bow, and Etta was about to do the same, when Harold objected, and held out his hand, saying, bluntly, "That won't do, Miss Lacy; you and I are not strangers."

At the dinner-table Etta found herself placed where she wished to be, next to Mrs. Henry Rivers, and spared no pains to be agreeable. She anticipated her wishes, watched her with the tenderest care, and made every effort both to amuse and interest her, attentions which, if not appreciated at their full value by the lady herself, were not underrated by Harold, who felt almost grateful towards her for saving him both trouble and embarrassment. But to his opinion, good or bad, Etta was perfectly insensible, or she might have been less at ease at being the object of his ceaseless observation.

A little desultory conversation took place

between Harold and Miss Bellair, in which Miss Matty occasionally joined; but the chief talker was Jack, who, between the intervals of unchecked eating, rattled on with the freedom of a spoilt child.

When the ladies left the room Harold and his son remained behind, to the satisfaction of all parties, especially to that of the widow, who declared that two or three days spent with that uproarious boy would kill her, and that, if it were possible, she would leave on the morrow.

But when the morrow came her removal was prohibited by the doctor. The exertion and agitation of the previous day had thrown her back. All she could obtain was permission to travel the following day provided that she remained quiet in her apartment until the hour of leaving.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE LAST FOND LINGERING LOOK.

STRENGTHENED by the quiet of the previous day, Mrs. Henry Rivers was ready to leave the Hall on the following morning. The farewells were of a rather formal character. Harold was mildly courteous and Miss Matty sparingly demonstrative; but when it came to Etta's turn to say "good-bye" she clung to her with a tenderness that surprised even Mrs. Rivers herself. You would have said that the dearest ties of her life were being rent asunder. Between her and Miss Bellair there was only cold civility, neither appearing to have any flattering appreciation of the other.

When they were gone Etta retired to her room and privately indulged in a passion of tears. Recovering her composure after a while, she resolved to divert her thoughts by an expedition into the village for a few parting words with her favourites. The next day she, too, was going away, and with Miss Matty.

It was a hazy afternoon; the sun, obscured by clouds, gave forth only short, fitful gleams, alluring with hopes never to be fulfilled. The air remained moist and cold, and the leafless trees, with the tracery of their skeleton branches, showed gaunt and dreary against a leaden sky. Nothing cheered by her outward surroundings, she went on her way, mentally deploring her inability to do more than offer her pets a few sixpences as a parting gift. How different from what might have been! But in that reflection lay a deep and useless regret. Lest the painful recollection should again endanger her self-command, she quickened her pace, rapid movement being for her a sure refuge from morbid musings. She was just out of sight of the house when she heard short, quick, pattering footsteps trying to overtake her. A young, shrill voice soon left no doubt as to who was her pursuer. "Stop, stop! I want to go with you!" cried Jack, reaching her quite breathless. "Dad says I may come."

"No, thank you," returned Etta, "I do not wish for your company, you are far too troublesome; I prefer walking alone."

She was endeavouring to free her arm from the boy's tenacious grasp when a heavy substance

came tumbling up against her and completely knocked her down. She had hardly time to realise what had happened when she was swiftly placed upon her feet, and heard a sharp reprimand, in addition to a cut with the whip, administered to a handsome young hound, that took its punishment meekly enough, squatting on its hind legs and fixing a pair of dark, loving eyes upon its master with a look of pathetic appeal.

"Are you hurt, benefactress?" asked Harold, for he it was who had lifted her from the ground. "We must teach Hector to be more mannerly. Come heré, sir," he said, loudly, again raising the whip.

"On no account," cried Etta, interposing her small person between the master and the dog. "He is already so sorry, just look at his eyes."

"That is only a trick those dogs have; he fears the stick, that is all." Then more courteously he added,

"You are going farther, Miss Lacy; will you not permit us to accompany you?"

"I am only going into the village to see a few of my old friends. As it is a leave-taking it will be better for me to go alone."

"You think their expressions of regret might not be complimentary. Thank you for the kind consideration, but I should be able to endure them."

"I have no doubt of it." Etta accompanied her emphatic answer with a glance sufficiently peculiar to make it but natural for Harold to ask what she meant.

"Well, I have no cause to give you credit for much fineness or delicacy of feeling."

The uncompromising explanation sent the blood to his brown cheek. Like most people free in their own language, he did not care to allow the same freedom in others. But Harold's second thought was one of amusement. To him it was a novelty to be called to order by any one so small and truly feminine as Etta. Determined not to be offended, he pursued the subject by inquiring wherein he differed from others, his cousin, for instance.

"I would rather you had asked me to explain my meaning, for that could be done in few words, but to state why and where you differ from others would be too long a story. With regard to your cousin, I should never think of naming you together."

"Because he is in your good graces and I am not."

"Because he is all that is noble, honourable, and true," she said, hotly.

"And you leave me to infer that you consider me the reverse. Thank you. As you never knew me personally, it is evident that for your flattering opinion I am indebted to the good offices of some one else—perhaps to those of my immaculate cousin."

"Not so," returned Etta, quickly, wishing to allay the storm she had accidentally raised. "I never heard him speak of you. I judge from my own observation. The first reference Ernest ever made to you was by letter the other day, and that was in your favour."



"COME HERE, SIR," HE SAID LOUDLY, AGAIN RAISING THE WHIP.

"I am extremely obliged to him," replied Harold, exchanging his bold, irritating manner for an ironical one.

"You may well be," rejoined Etta. "Few, treated as he has been, would try to repay good for evil."

"I am at a loss to understand you. Ernest Rivers can do me neither good nor harm; and as for me, I do but take my own. He would have done the same in my place."

"Far from it; he would have done all that was just and right."

"Had he not already entered upon possession of a property that he only supposed to be his? Did he make any inquiries about me? Did he endeavour to ascertain if the rumour of my death were true or false, or did he not immediately install himself here as master, setting you aside and ignoring your claims as much as I am ignoring his? Where do you find the great delicacy you are holding up to me as a model?"

Harold had skilfully touched a tender point, but though Etta was a little sore upon it, her true nature would not suffer her to listen to a whisper against Ernest. Besides, without knowing how to prove it, she felt instinctively that Harold was as wrong in his arguments as in his conduct.

"The only advantage I am disposed to allow Ernest over me is that he has such a warm defender in you," said Harold, venting his secret mortification by switching at the hedges with his cane as they went along. "Besides, after all, he is a fortunate man. If he loses one fortune there is another ready for his acceptance. He has only to turn his eyes towards Miss Belair."

Etta bent her little head, to signify she had no intention of answering his remark—indeed, she could not. He had started an idea that gave her a sharp pang, and she longed to be alone to reason with herself. Nothing was more likely to happen; and nothing, she said, could be more selfish and inconsistent than for her to take

umbrage at such an event. By this time they had reached the first cottage on the road, and Etta gladly seized this opportunity of parting company with her companions by going towards it.

"Come along, Jack; Miss Lacy does not want us," said Harold, "I am willing to bide my time." The last words were for Etta, though they did not reach her ear.

That evening was Etta's last at Deane Hall, and nothing occurred to diminish her regret at quitting it. Her last voluntary act was to put a letter into Harold's hand containing the forged cheque, with the remark, "This is done at Ernest's request."

As the fly drove off she thrust her head out of the window for a farewell look, and saw the new master waving his hat on the doorstep. It was the last sight of the place and the vanishing for ever of all her cherished plans and day-dreams. The golden days of her calendar were no longer in the future.

SOME RECENT LITERARY AUCTIONS.

THE poet Crabbe has, in his photographic verse, painted the appearance presented by a well-arranged library.

"Lo! all in silence, all in order stand,
The mighty folios first, a lordly band;
Then quartos their well-ordered ranks maintain,
And light octavos fill a spacious plain."

Such a library we once saw in a nobleman's mansion in Scotland. Its well-filled shelves represented manifold departments of literature. There were pleasant recesses in the apartment, into which, drawing your chair for retirement, you might commune undisturbed with your favourite author. A richly-bound copy of a rare edition of one of the Latin poets was lying on a table, apparently the last volume which the noble proprietor of the collection had taken up. When the brain was weary with study, and wanted rest, the eye might rove through the cheerful window over a beautiful garden, stately wood, and flowing water. We could understand, when we saw such a delicious retreat, which invited one as it were to forget the world and its confusions, the sacrifice that some of our legislators with highly cultivated tastes make, when they leave their libraries to mingle in the heated atmosphere of Parliamentary life.

It is a somewhat saddening sight to see a fine library dispersed by the auctioneer's hammer. Though the general cause of literature may be advanced by such an event, yet it is not without regret that one thinks of folios and quartos that have stood in loving relationship for centuries, compelled to bid each other a perpetual farewell, with the chance, after having been luxuriously petted and kept clean by their owners, of their being exposed to the wind and weather on a cheap bookstall. Washington Irving speaks of the bookshops of Liverpool being thus strewed, like the shore after a wreck, with Italian books scattered about after the sale of the library of Mr. Roscoe, the classical author of "Lorenzo de Medici."

An opportunity of witnessing a similar dispersion of books of importance was recently presented at the sale-room of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, in Leicester Square, which closely adjoins, by the way, Sir Joshua Reynolds's old mansion, where many of Dr. Johnson's sublime colloquies took place. The reader of Macaulay will remember the cutting language in which he has recorded the trimmings of the Earl of Sunderland, during the reign of James II, purchasing, as the earl did, by ignominious concessions, the favour of that monarch, while he secretly played into the hands of the Prince of Orange. The earl's grave offence might almost appear, however, to a book-collector, to have been condoned by the magnificent library which, as we understand, he here formed, and which, after reposing for nearly

two hundred years on the shelves of Blenheim Palace, has, after a forty days' sale, been dispersed by the hammer of the auctioneers just named, to every quarter of the globe. A wonderful collection of solid learning it was. Here were rare editions of the Bible; sets of the Fathers; lexicons; old vellum folios brimful of antiquarian lore; histories with grim portraits of mighty highnesses to whom the authors had dedicated them; early tracts on America; specimens of printing in its earliest days; biographies, not in slender octavo form, but in massive folio; poets in all tongues, with old volumes of epigrams thought witty in their day, but the point of which has now been clean forgotten. Of classics there was literally what might be called an ocean of the rarest and earliest editions. The productions of Aldus, Stephanus, Elzevir, and other great masters of the typographical art, were present in the richest profusion. One copy, indeed, of the rare works which were here so abundant, would have made the reputation of an ordinary library.

Whether the earl was a scholar or a mere book-collector we have no means of knowing. If the latter, he had his portrait given by Addison or Steele in a witty paper written during the earl's lifetime in the "Tattler." "There is not," so it runs (but slightly condensed), "a sale of books begun until Tom Folio appears. There is not a catalogue printed that does not come to him wet from the press. He is a universal scholar, so far as the title-page is concerned. He hath a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus he breaks out into a panegyric upon Henry Stephens. If you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter."

Many of the books in the Sunderland collection, though roughly bound, were beautiful in their interiors, and it was refreshing to the eye to see their gracefully steel-engraved frontispieces, an art now all but lost in the publishing world. One folio volume magnificently bound in red morocco, with heavy gilt edges, rebuked the notions we are apt to form of our superiority in the printing art to our forefathers. It was a catalogue of medals struck in commemoration of the principal events of the reign of Louis XIV, dedicated to the Grand Monarque himself, and superb in point of paper and letterpress. There was also a rare collection of the Delphin classics in quarto, which reminded us of an anecdote we heard many years ago from an old bookseller. His client, a wealthy gentleman, had got a set of these quartos with the exception of one volume, which he only possessed in the octavo size. As the missing quarto could not be obtained, it was determined to elevate the octavo copy into the quarto form. An artist was known to be skilled in this work, which he did by toning paper to the proper tint of

age, and then skilfully gumming it on to the book that was to be enlarged. One difficulty, however, presented itself. The workman was a drunkard, and how was he to be kept sober on the Sunday? At last the obstacle was got over by the talented but degraded creature being carefully watched and kept from the public-house by the bribe of a roast turkey for his Sunday dinner, so that on the Monday he resumed his work, and successfully finished it. In the Great Exhibition of 1862 we noticed in one of the galleries a stall devoted to specimens of lost title-pages or missing leaves of old books, so skilfully reproduced by the pen, with the proper shade of ink and paper, as to defy all but an expert to recognise the difference between the copy and the original.

Another collection of books having also a historical interest—though far from being so large or important as the Sunderland library—was recently sold at the well-known literary auction-room of Messrs. Sotheby, where, by the way, the sword of John Hampden was sold the other day for £60. It was the property of the Drake family, the descendants of Francis Drake, of Spanish Armada fame, some of the books having been collected by that hero himself. We were much interested by seeing his autograph in one of the volumes, and thus having evidence that the hand that so often had "pointed the gun upon the chase and bade the deadly cutlass shine" could dally with literature. There were in this collection some volumes of pamphlets relating to the Great Civil War, probably purchased at the time of their respective appearances by Drake's descendants, and then bound together. To handle and open these works was like taking up some roaring ocean shell and applying it to the ear, all boiling over as they did with conflict, one defending the King's conduct, another upholding Parliament, a third abusing Old Noll. Among the pamphlets was a News Letter, the precursor of the newspapers of to-day, dated about 1655, and containing at the end a few meagre advertisements. In one of these a man intimates the theft of a grey horse, and begs that any one who has seen it will give intimation of its whereabouts to him at Norwich. Our readers, if they have met with the animal, will know therefore where to communicate, though probably, as Carlyle would say, the owner has by this time done grieving about his loss.

A still more interesting collection of books has been on sale recently at the auction-rooms of Messrs. Sotheby. It was formed by the far-famed William Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, who was a relative of the Duke of Hamilton's family, and having passed at his death, some forty years ago, into their hands, it has been transferred to London from a room in Hamilton Palace, where it was kept by itself, to be scattered by the all-dispersing hammer of the auctioneer.

William Beckford was in the days of our youth a sort of mysterious personage; marvellous tales had got afloat about his wealth and the splendour of the mansion and grounds in which, at Fonthill, he led a sort of hermit's life, secluded in luxurious retirement. As to many of our younger readers Beckford's story will be new, we give, before

noticing his books, a few points of it. He was the only son of Alderman Beckford, whose saucy answer to George III is recorded on his monument in Guildhall. Inheriting from his father a large property in the West Indies, as well as a vast sum in ready money, young Beckford, who had been highly educated, and who had a keen sense of art and natural beauty, launched upon the world with apparently no higher object than that of enjoying himself. He travelled in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. In his old age he published a description of these travels. It is a wonderful work for power of word-painting, and as revealing the life of a man whose wealth gave a passport into the highest classes of foreign society of an old-world type. Now we find him spending a day among the monks of Chartreuse, whose life of severity was surely a strange contrast to his own self-indulgence; now visiting Milton's groves of Vallambrosa; now sweeping along the waters of Venice with a barge of music in his train; now exploring the tomb of Charles V in the Escorial; now musing over old pictures in the King of Spain's palace to the dreamy sound of musical clocks that sweetly chimed the hours; now dancing some Spanish bolero before the Queen of Portugal; now visiting in more than regal pomp some rich monastery; now drinking in the beauties of some lovely garden or glorious landscape.



THE BUILDING OF FONTHILL BY NIGHT.

Tenniel.

About the time of his travels Beckford had written a gorgeous, fantastic, Oriental tale, entitled "Vathek," describing the adventures of an Eastern monarch, some of whose luxurious habits Beckford's contemporaries unkindly thought to be drawn from himself. Returning to England, Beckford devoted himself to architectural pleasure. "He built," says Mrs. Oliphant, in her

recent "History of English Literature," "a wonderful palace—Fonthill Abbey—close to the very house which his wealthy father had built, but which the son demolished, as not important enough for him. He made his new building a palace of enchantment, the wonder of its day, filling it with everything that was gorgeous and costly.* Annoyed by the intrusion of sportsmen in his grounds" (for Beckford had a tender feeling for dumb animals), "he had a wall of twelve feet high, extending to a distance of seven miles, built round his dwelling. . . . When the house was finished it was furnished in the same magnificent manner. Inside the seven miles of wall, nine hundred acres of ground afforded every variety of beautiful scenery, landscape, both soft and wild, space enough for every kind of recreation. Vathek himself scarcely had a combination of objects more stately and splendid than were included within. . . . In this wonderful retirement Beckford lived many years, until his fortune, which had been diminished by various losses, proved insufficient to keep up the vast expenditure which the house required. Perhaps by this time he got tired of his vast plaything. But he immediately proceeded to make himself another house, scarcely less splendid, though smaller, at Bath, where all his most cherished treasures were removed, and where he lived and died. A more strange episode was never worked out upon the sober web of literary history."

The sale of his effects at Fonthill, in 1823, was the world's wonder of its day; and the excitement was not diminished when the lofty tower at Fonthill, which Beckford had built, fell shortly afterwards to the ground. Of the abbey itself, on which so much money was spent, not a fragment, we believe, now remains. Mr. Beckford retained his taste for the beautiful and the costly to the last. A gardener who worked in a nursery which Beckford used to visit when in London told us that he would cut himself every time he came a guinea nosegay of choice flowers.

George Cruikshank, the artist, was permitted to see Beckford's lovely grounds and choice curiosities at Bath, but he tells us that the dwarf-like attendant who showed him over the house carefully shut the doors of the apartments when Beckford's footsteps were heard approaching, as he shrank from the sight of strangers. One of the books, sold for six pounds by Messrs. Sotheby at the present sale, was a catalogue of the gorgeous effects of Fonthill, with the autograph of their owner upon it, and we may well wonder what his feelings were when he took it up and reflected how all had melted away like a sort of frostwork.

The books of such a man, brought together by him as they were regardless of expense, form, as

one may imagine, deeply interesting objects to the collector as well as the general public.

Many have been the libraries dispersed by the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby, but none admittedly has ever been finer than this. Greater stores of learning were undoubtedly represented by the Sunderland Library, but in this collection the well-known taste of the fastidious owner of Fonthill Abbey beams forth. The great proportion of the books were bound in red, green, or citron-coloured morocco—objects of great luxury for the eye to rest on. Though many of them were rare and old editions, yet they were clean in appearance, as if they had just been printed. Some of them, too, had a literary pedigree, like this volume from the library of an ancient collector, Grolier, which has inscribed on it in Latin words the unselfish motto, "For the use of Grolier and friends." The binding, too, is by great artists, such as Clovis Eve of early times, and Roger Payne and Charles Lewis of more modern days. The books so elegantly attired were doubtless in many cases devoted to fanciful subjects and unimportant topics. Here, for instance, was the history of "The Great Eater of Gray's Inne," a thin 1652 quarto, containing the adventures of a man who, like Handel, had an inordinate appetite, and who bilked the eating-house keepers of his day by paying a shilling for his dinner and then eating up the whole joint. Some other thin quartos, besides being excessively rare, had a sort of historic value. You may observe here, in all the pomp of blue morocco, leather joints, silk linings, and gilt edges, "The wonderful Discovery of Elizabeth Sawyer, the Witch, late of Edmonton, her conviction, condemnation, and death," dated 1621; and a rare pamphlet by Hopkins, the celebrated witch-finder, defending his cruel art, and complaining of the low scale of his remuneration, which did not exceed twenty shillings for a visit to a town and clearing it of its witches.

There were many books of travel, including Humboldt's great journey to South America, with its expensive folios of plates, as well as leading works, both English and foreign, of history and biography, all sumptuously bound. Most of the books too are enriched by Beckford's own notes, which are written in a very caustic style. Thus, on a stately edition of Gibbon, he writes: "The time, Mr. Gibbon, is not far distant when your almost ludicrous self-complacency, your numerous and apparently wilful mistakes, your frequent distortions of historical truth to provoke a gibe or excite a smile at everything most sacred and venerable. . . . your heartless scepticism, your unclassical fondness for meretricious periods, will be still more scouted and exposed than they have been. Once fairly kicked off your lofty bedizened stilts, you will be reduced to your just level and true standard." This is no unjust critique on a work which has been said to have one long sneer at Christianity interwoven through it. Of the classics, though the collection is not equal to that in the Sunderland Library, there were some fine specimens. There was in particular an elegantly bound copy of Pyne's celebrated edition of Horace, which, with its rich red morocco cover,

* Torch-light was employed; fresh bands of labourers relieving at evening those who worked by day. In the dark nights of winter the distant traveller was startled by the blaze of light from Fonthill, which proclaimed at once the resources and the folly of the man of wealth. Beckford's principal enjoyment was in watching the erection of this structure. At nightfall he would repair to some elevated grounds, and there, in solitude, would feast his eyes for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the play of their light on the neighbouring forest.—*Mirage of Life*.

its cream-coloured paper, its beautifully engraved vignettes, was all but matchless. This work reflects honour on the state of the English arts at the beginning of the last century. The whole of the letterpress was engraved, not printed. No wonder, on its appearance, that Frederick the Great, whose friendship with Voltaire was then in its first delicate bloom, wished Pyne to execute a similar edition of Voltaire's poetry, a commission, however, which, from pressure of engagements, had to be declined.

In illustrated volumes the collection was unprecedentedly rich. There were galleries of art, engravings of Dresden vault curiosities, of coins, gems, medals, everything in short that is curious. There was also a collection of caricatures, drawn perhaps by some refugee of the time of the Edict of Nantes, in which he took his revenge on the authors of that cruel persecution by giving distorted and ludicrous portraits of Pere La Chaise, the king's confessor, and others of the authors of that great historical blunder. There was, too, a singularly curious volume, published at Rome in 1702, giving engravings of the funeral services performed in that city on the death of our James II. One of the engraved banners, we see, calls the exiled king "a man without guile," a compliment with which Macaulay would scarcely have agreed.

As a contrast to this lugubrious volume, garished with death-heads, was an exquisite copy, in four massive morocco-clad tomes, of the political caricatures of Gilray. They were most beautifully coloured, so as to resemble in some instances oil paintings. Most interesting it was to turn over these sheets, and to see pass before us, like slides of a magic lantern, the events that so deeply stirred our fathers at the beginning of the present century. No one who looked at these plates but must have seen that, like Dibdin's sea songs, they played their part in sustaining the national spirit during the great Revolutionary war. Here, for instance, is a sketch of Gallic Liberty, representing a French peasant, half starved, half clad, and feeding on a few vegetables. Opposite is its counterpart, "A British Slave," which shows John Bull, fat and well clad, eating heartily of roast beef and plum-pudding. There is also the well-known caricature of George III surveying Bonaparte and his fleet, as the monarch of Brobdignag surveyed the pigmy Gulliver. According to Bourienne, this picture, throwing ridicule on the Boulogne Flotilla for the invasion of England, deeply wounded the pride of Bonaparte.

More curious still, perhaps, it was to look at some volumes about three centuries old, which anticipated the work of our illustrated newspapers, and gave accounts by pictures and letterpress of royal journeys and pageants. There was one such volume by Callot, the author of the far-famed sketches of "The Miseries of War," portraying with exquisite minuteness a passage at arms held in 1641. Crowning all, however, in interest were engravings of a passage, about 1639, of a French Queen through Holland. Nothing but an actual view of the plates themselves could convey to our readers an idea of the lifelike appearance of

these very old pictures. The Holland of that day seems to live before us—its seaports, its canals, its high-pooed old ships reappear, its people crowding the windows to see the procession pass, with quaint old carriages, and equally quaint-looking costumes. All is so real, and yet all, spectators and pageantry, now so thoroughly gone to dust!

One more pleasure awaits us: it is to take up some volumes, which have historical associations connected with them from their having been the property of eminent men. As we open each in succession, we seem to touch a telephonic string which brings a reply back from the far-off centuries. When we take up this book, for instance, Henry IV of France appears. The volume belonged to him. As we touch the string again Louis XIV comes up. This sumptuously bound book was his. At the next touch we disturb Thuanus, the great historian of France, in his library. This volume bears his monogram. Another volume belonged to our own Charles I. This work bears the book-plate of chatty Horace Walpole, of Strawberry Hill; and this immense and magnificently bound portfolio for holding engravings was the property of Louis XV, and doubtless was often used by him and his courtly circle at Versailles in the wasted hours that preceded the Revolution. As we think of all who have once owned these noble volumes now gone, and the wealthy purchaser of them himself also gone, to give in the account of life's stewardship, we are almost forced into the moralising vein, and feel prepared to receive the advice of another old author (Hawkins), whose book, the "Sanctuary of the Troubled Heart," forms one of the curiosities of the collection, as he, in quaint language, that has lost none of its force by being written two hundred and fifty years ago, in substance tells us not to waste the torch of life in vain pleasure, but so to husband it, that it may light us at the close of our day peacefully to bed.

The first portion of Mr. Beckford's books realised £31,516, the second £22,340, and a third and last part, which as we write is preparing for sale, will doubtless also command an equally high total.

The names of some of the books which brought exceptionally large sums will be found given below. We must leave collectors to settle with their own consciences the propriety or otherwise of giving, in a world where money is so much wanted for higher things, such heavy figures for what are frequently mere objects of fancy. The purchasers of these curiosities, however, are often the representatives of public libraries, or wealthy capitalists who contribute largely to works of charity, to say nothing of the fact that if wisely purchased rare books often, when sold again, realise even higher prices than those originally given for them. Meanwhile, the ordinary reader, to whom such luxuries are forbidden, may console himself by the thought that if he has not many books he can read more thoroughly than the possessor of a large library (who generally skims) the few good books he possesses, and that he could purchase a respectable collection of stan-

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dard works for a tithe of the sum which the book-fancier lays out on his favourite copy. Sir Walter Scott has mildly ridiculed the bibliomaniac disease in the following passage, where he happily exposes its caprices, and with his witty words we conclude: "Here," he says, "were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last. Here was a book valued because it had the author's final improvements; and there another which, strange to tell, was in request because it had them not. One was precious because it was a folio; another because it was a duodecimo; some because they were tall; some because they were short; the secret of one lay in the title-page; of that in the arrangement of the letters in the word 'Finis.' There was, it seemed, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give a value to the volume, provided the indispensable quality of scarcity or rare occurrence was attached to it."

The book which brought the highest price was a copy of Anthony Vandyck's engraved portraits, in three volumes, folio. The work was the most complete collection ever formed, and brought the enormous sum of £2,850. The next highest price was given for a book entitled "Longi Pastoralia," a sumptuous specimen on vellum of the printing press of Didot of Paris, dated 1802. It was bound by Lewis, and belonged originally to Junot, Duke of Abrantes, Napoleon's well-known marshal. At his sale it only produced £73; now it sold for £900.

"Margaret de Valois, Reyne de Navarre, L'Heptameron des Nouvelles." This was Louis the Fourteenth's beautiful copy, in brown morocco; various ornaments, all worked on gold, lined with vellum, gold tooling, having May, 1695, in the centre, bound by Ruette, 4to, Paris, 1559. Excessively rare. A former copy sold for 600 francs; this one produced £400.

"La Guerra Di Cambrai," bound in Grolier

style in old brown morocco, dated 1544, produced £395.

"Lucan's Works," Grolier's copy, printed by Aldus, dated 1515, sold for £290.

"Livre de Bien Vivre," printed on vellum, 1492, extremely rare, £330.

"Lactantius." The first edition and the first book in Italy printed with a date, 1465, £285.

"Gohory, Livre de la Conquete de La Toison d'or par Le Prince Jason." Arms of the Duke of Guise painted on both sides. Paris, 1563, £405.

"Tracts in French," describing the entry of Henry II into Paris, and the Coronation of Catherine de Medici, in 1549. Fine copy in vellum, with arms and cypher of Thuanus the historian in gold. 1 vol. 4to, £470.

"De L'Imitation de Jesus Christ." Thomas à Kempis's well-known work. Large paper. A magnificent specimen of Monnier's binding, in citron morocco, of exquisite workmanship, covered with gold tooling. Paris, 1690. £356.

"Biblia Latina." Printed on vellum. Venice: N. Jenson, 1476. Excessively rare. Red morocco. Sold for 71 francs in the MacCarthy sale; now produced £330.

"The Psalms of George Buchanan in Latin." Beautiful copy in olive morocco, with the arms of Thuanus the historian. Printed by the celebrated H. and R. Stephanus; without a date. £310.

"Princess de Parthes: Tragedie," with a frontispiece engraved by the infamous Madame Pompadour herself. This was her own copy, printed in a private press at Versailles. In yellow morocco, elaborately tooled in gold. Dated 1760. £325.

"Frobisher's Three Voyages of Discovery for the Purpose of Finding of a Passage to Cathaya by the North-West," and "A Second Voyage to Guiana." Black letter, with the two excessively rare maps. 1578. Extremely rare. The last copies sold realised £72; this produced £300.



COURTS OF JUSTICE IN BRITISH INDIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BOYHOOD IN THE EAST"

I.—METHODS OF PROCEDURE.

TWO hundred and fifty-four millions!* This represents the population of India under British control according to the census of 1881. Deducting the "Native States," there are two hundred millions who are in all respects our fellow-subjects, and the increase alone in them since the census of 1871 is fourteen millions—that is, upwards of one-third of the population of Great Britain and Ireland.

How little do we who live in England really know of the subjects with us of Britain's Queen as Empress of India. Can it be right that it should be so, and that even this little knowledge should be confined to so small a circle, and that people generally should scarcely ever think or care about India until roused by some disastrous catastrophe or terrible peril? Happily there are signs that such apathy is passing away and that more *knowledge* of India is what is chiefly needed to make interest in India more common and of greater influence. One reason for this doubtless is found in the number of eminent men who have skilfully presented to the public in an attractive style the results of inquiry and thought arising out of lengthened residence in the country. Chief among them are Dr. W. W. Hunter and Sir Richard Temple, the first of whom in his "Brief History" declares the continent of India to be "a great museum of races in which we can study man from his lowest to his highest stages of culture." Those who know the country best evidently believe that nowhere in the world is there more that should be deeply interesting to all students of human history, whether India be viewed in its natural aspects and products, in its ancient and diverse races, its numerous languages and massive literature, or its subtle philosophies and extraordinary developments of the religious instinct. It is with this feeling that the following details are submitted to the reader, derived partly from personal reminiscences, but principally from the experiences of observant officials of some standing. The particulars to be given belong to the province of Bengal, but largely represent what is common to British India.

In certain respects a great deal is to be learnt of the people by means of the Courts of Justice among them. Our knowledge of their history seems to be fairly correct and our impressions of their religions comparatively vivid. Much, too, is being written of their ancient literature and parent language. We seem to know a good deal about the Government, for it is frequently brought before the public by changes in the *personnel*, the

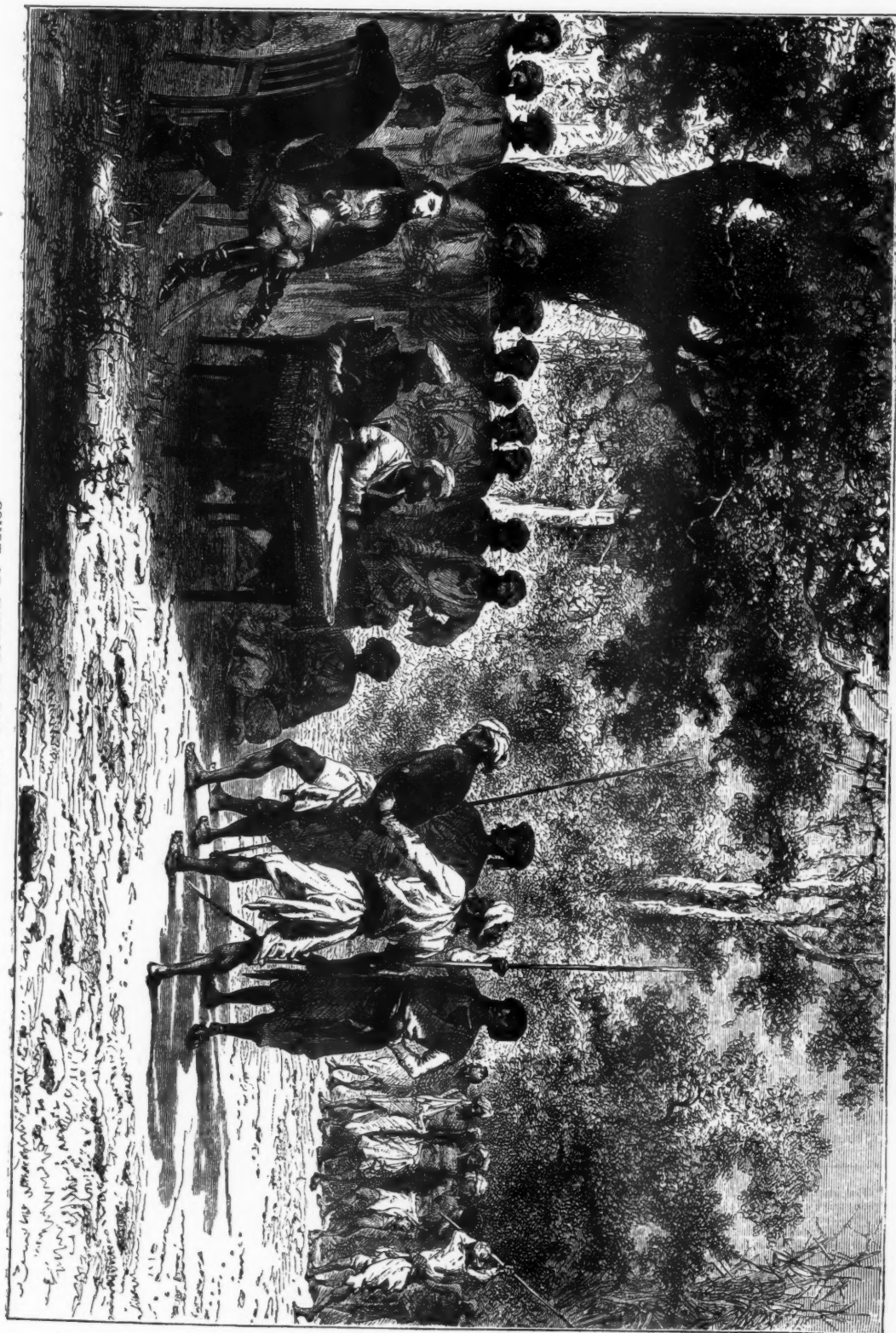
passing of special laws, and the creation or transmutation of various Government and railway stocks. Too often we hear of the operations of our army of 65,000 European and 125,000 native soldiers,* and the political complications interwoven with these operations. Nor are we altogether in the dark about the general laws by which the country is ruled. Who has not heard of the famous Codes, Civil and Criminal, beginning with the handiwork of Macaulay and his Commission in 1833, and still being enlarged and improved? They have supplied bases for similar systems among various races who have come under civilising influences, and when completed will become, as Sir Richard Temple expresses it, "a standard of national ethics." But of the ordinary and normal working of these codes as it affects the people little is known, and yet there is perhaps nothing by means of which the governors and the governed are more closely and continuously brought into contact than by the arrangements of our judicial system and the principles which underlie them.

Before passing from the codes it is important to remark that while the general administration is thus regulated there are certain departments in which their rules are ignored, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, are not allowed to be supreme. They are not suffered to interfere with the authority of Hindu and Mohammedan codes of law in matters belonging to marriage and divorce, adoption, inheritance, partition of property, and disposition by will. It is not sufficiently understood, for instance, that while Mohammed, during the eight years of his prophetic career at Mecca prior to the Hegira, or Mohammedan era (622 A.D.), was simply a religious teacher. When installed at Medina he became the ruler of a city and its surrounding territory, and thus found occasion to add to the previous rhetorical and poetic chapters of the Kurán many long and prosaic "revelations" as to political government and social life. These, but more especially the inferences and comments arising out of them, made by the first four recognised Caliphs of Islam, regulate the civil and ceremonial laws, and establish the recognised customs, in all their innumerable particulars, of the entire Mohammedan world. The most remarkable, perhaps, of Mohammed's own enactments have reference to the limitation of testamentary power. No Mohammedan testator can deal with more than one-third of his estate, and the other two-thirds devolve upon certain fixed heirs, or in the absence of them belong to the State. The peculiarities also of the law of adoption which prevails in India are re-

* The official volume of statistics gives the exact figures as 253,891,821, of which nearly 188 millions are Hindus, 60 millions Mohammedans, 6½ millions Nature worshippers, 3½ Buddhists, nearly 2 millions Christians, nearly 2 millions Sikhs, and 1½ millions Jains.

* Cunningham's "British India and its Rulers." 1831. P. 33.

COURT OF JUSTICE IN THE JUNGLE.



markable, and have been frequently brought into prominence by our relations with the native princes of the country.*

The unit of the judicial system lies in the police-court, and its final development (in Bengal) in the "High Court" of Calcutta, with its chief justice and twelve puisne judges. But the most important part of it as it concerns the people is found in the district and sessions court, and it is with this that the present particulars have chiefly to do. There is no important town without its police-court (cutcherry). Around it—*i.e.*, its "Mofussil"—are stations sometimes in the very jungle, at which at fixed intervals like sittings are held by the itinerating officials. The magistrates presiding in them are of various grades, but are the immediate representatives of an official for the district who is known as "the collector and magistrate."† His functions, as the designation indicates, have largely to do with the collection of the land and other revenues, the registration of title-deeds, and also with the disposal by himself or his subordinates of the cases which belong to the ordinary business of police-courts, and with the frequent questions which arise in relation to revenue. From the decisions in these courts on civil questions appeals may be made to the "district and sessions judge" of the district, and by him when sitting as "sessions judge" are tried the prisoners committed by the magistrates for trial at the assizes. Besides the police-courts there are in every district "Moonsiff's courts," whose jurisdiction is similar to that of the county courts of our own country, and in like manner from them appeals are made to the district judge. These courts are specially interesting because they are generally presided over by native judges selected from pleaders who have practised for three years in the various courts of India, received certificates from judges as to their character and ability, and have taken the degree of Bachelor of Laws in one of the universities of India.‡ In the particular district now before the writer's view there are eleven such courts, and ten of the judges are natives, and there are about the same number of police-courts. Just what the "collector and magistrate" of the district is in his department, so at the head of the judicial administration, both original and appellate, of the district is the official already mentioned as designated "district and sessions judge."

The reader can now easily realise the position and duties of this important official. In the instance before us the district contains a population of over three millions, a population, that is to say, approaching that of "London proper." His resi-

dence is usually in the chief town of the district, but like other Indian officials he is frequently on circuit. Besides visits for various assizes, the eleven Moonsiff's courts are under his supervision, carrying with it power of even suspending judges found inefficient or guilty of malpractices. Let us suppose him at home and holding the criminal sessions at the head station. (In civil cases he is assisted by a subordinate judge in a court adjoining his own, from whose decision an appeal may be made to him.)

The first thing that will strike us as we enter the court will be the absence of all wigs and gowns. The judge occupies a chair on a raised platform, with as little of "dress" about him as is compatible with propriety, and over him a punkah swings and is kept in constant motion. Immediately below him are seated two native gentlemen, evidently discharging for the time being some important functions, which shall be presently described. Below them and on the floor of the court, still facing us as we enter, are seated the usual clerks, and standing near to them the various servants of the court in different liveries, to whom also reference will be hereafter more particularly made. Facing the judge are the pleaders—European and native—attended by men who act as solicitors for their several clients and instruct the pleaders. Behind them are motley groups attending in crowds if the case before the court be one of general interest. The order and silence are perfect. The clerks and pleaders are, like the judge, without gown or wig, and those that are native are almost all, in part at least, in European attire. The prisoner, of course, is there in the dock, heavily fettered, and attended by one or more of the jail warders. But there is no jury-box.

Not that native juries are altogether unknown. In a few districts, where men of intelligence and influence are found in sufficient number, juries are empanelled, each jury consisting of seven members, who settle the questions before the court by the vote of the majority; and they, as with us, are duly charged by the judge and determine the fate of prisoners by their verdicts. But as a rule another and a very remarkable arrangement takes the place of the jury system. Observe the two native gentlemen seated near and immediately below the judge. They are known as the native assessors. In all criminal cases the judge is assisted by their individual opinions. Once a year officers of the court and others from the office of the collector meet to prepare a list of the assessors. They are selected from the native gentlemen of the locality, and consist chiefly of zemindars (landowners), pleaders, schoolmasters, merchants, and chief tradesmen, of which classes it is said that for usefulness the schoolmaster stands in the highest and the pleader in the lowest place. For the assizes the assessors are summoned in such numbers as to supply two for each case. Judges for the most part regard the assistance thus afforded by the general intelligence, quick perception, and familiarity with the people found in the assessors as of great importance. They ask questions during the trial as

* For instances of our legislative interference with native law as it respects more especially "the crime of apostasy," remarriage of Hindu widows, divorce for converts to Christianity when abandoned by husband or wife, civil marriage, the suppression of suttee, etc., see Cunningham's "British India and its Rulers," 1881, p. 201. Mr. Cunningham is a judge of the High Court of Calcutta, and son-in-law of the late Lord Lawrence.

† For interesting details the reader is referred to "Life of Lord Lawrence," by Bosworth Smith, vol. i., p. 53, as to duties of "the Collector and Magistrate," and p. 55, as to "Cutcherry on Horseback."

‡ For information on the questions (suggested by this reference) which are being hotly discussed at the present moment (June, 1883), see article in the "Contemporary Review" of the month on "Native Indian Judges—Mr. Ilbert's Bill," by the Rt. Hon. Sir A. Hobhouse, K.C.S.I.

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they please, and often thus read circumstances and transactions as no European can, and bring out facts which only intimate knowledge of native character and customs could elicit. This intimacy also, no doubt, as causing them to be regarded as possessing an insight into native habits of thought and action, impossible to an English official, causes their presence to be a power against the prevarications and concealments and falsehoods so prevalent in Indian and other courts of law. It is, however, a singular circumstance that frequently, though right in the decisions they reach, the reasons given by them are not the best supplied by the facts.

The course of the trial closely follows the order familiar to us. The case against the prisoner is conducted by the Government pleader or public prosecutor, and he is defended either by a pleader engaged by himself, or by one called upon by the judge to undertake the defence without assurance of any fee. In the absence of a pleader the judge is bound to accept the responsibility of acting both as judge and prisoner's counsel, and himself cross-examines the witnesses for the Crown—a responsibility generally felt to be painfully serious. On the conclusion of the evidence *pro* and *contra* the judge turns to one of the assessors and says, "Nath, Babu, you have heard the evidence in the case before the court; announce your opinion and the reasons for it." The gentleman appealed to then gives his decision and its basis. In like manner the other assessor is addressed, "Chupta, Babu, favour the court with your opinion," and he complies accordingly. The judge then states, that "the court will give judgment" on a particular day. When the day arrives the prisoner is again at the bar, and the judgment, fully written out and referring to the opinions of the assessors, whether in unison with each other and with that of the judge or not, is read and recorded, and the prisoner sentenced or acquitted.

The punishments inflicted by the court include fines, imprisonment, "rigorous imprisonment"—*i.e.*, with hard labour, banishment, and death. Whenever sentence of death is pronounced the judgment has to be confirmed by the "High Court," two of whose judges are in their turns elected by the chief justice to revise the judgments of the district courts.

In every criminal case an appeal is allowed to the "High Court," and is accomplished without any expense to the prisoner, for it is done simply by the transmission by the district judge of his notes of the evidence, and of his judgment (with the opinions of the assessors), and the whole matter is considered without the intervention of either pleaders or solicitors. Appeals in criminal cases are therefore almost universal.

It is otherwise in reference to civil actions, for the expenses in such questions are frequently enormous. Even in the district courts the fees of pleaders engaged, whose usual practice is in the "High Court," sometimes amount to fifty and even a hundred pounds *per diem*. Considering, too, how small is the number with means for going to law, the people must, I think, be pronounced litigious. Verily the land is a Goshen for gentlemen of the long robe. And certainly there are parts of the method of procedure described which look as if they would, if adopted among us, be for the public benefit. The compact and exhaustive codes of law, the careful selection of assessors who shall give to the world reasons as well as opinions, the easy and costless means of appeal by the condemned for revision of their doom, the confirmation in each case of the sentence of death, not by a Government official, but by the highest legal authority, seem to be arrangements which may with advantage be in some manner adapted for the very people from whom, as the governors of India, they have emanated.

ON BORROWED PLUMES.

"FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS."

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING, AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S CRUISE IN A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR," ETC.

HAS it ever struck you how widespread is the use of feathers? not merely as a personal decoration, but also as a mark of high official honour? In the former sense we all know them too well, for terrible and destructive has been the war waged against the feathered tribes to supply trimmings for the hats and dresses of the ladies of the civilised world. Think of the myriad sea-birds, the satiny grebe, the pea-fowl, jungle-cock, parrots, blue jays, golden oriole, and a thousand other poor birds, which have fallen victims to the too covetous admirers of their gay plumage. But, worst of all, think of the rage for

wearing humming-birds, which at one time threatened to exterminate the race, inasmuch as every lady so adorned involved the sacrifice of at least a dozen lives.

A great lady, celebrated for her lavish expenditure on dress, appeared one night in a ball-dress dotted all over with these exquisite beings, and to every humming-bird was attached a dazzling diamond, flashing as she moved. Another lady wore a feather trimming, which, from association, seemed to us all simply barbarous and far less attractive—namely, a complete set of dear little robins, the familiar red-breasted friends of our wintry days.

We all agreed that the woman who could devise and wear such decorations would necessarily prove a most unsympathetic domestic companion.

From such voluntary use of feather trimming we pass to that which social custom has made obligatory, as, for instance, the great bonnets of black ostrich feathers worn by our Highland regiments, and the white curling ostrich feathers which form the necessary head-dress at the Court of Great Britain.

How came these foreign birds to attain to such pre-eminence that the well-known cluster of three ostrich feathers should have been selected as the special symbol of the Prince of Wales? Even Mr. William Simpson, of the "Illustrated London News"—than whom no better authority on such subjects exists—is at a loss to answer this question, not deeming the ordinarily accepted story of the Black Prince having, after the victory of Cressy, assumed the three feathers worn by the Blind King of Bohemia to be altogether reliable. Mr. Simpson quotes ancient authorities to show that in earlier days a plume of ostrich feathers had been selected by King Stephen as his badge, with a motto to show that, however much a feather may be shaken by the wind, it remains the same.

Mr. Simpson traces back the use of this royal cognizance as it appears, sometimes with two feathers, sometimes with three. He finds that three ostrich feathers, combined with a wreath, formed the emblem of the great house of Medici, and as such is represented among the sculptures on the Santa Casa, at Loretto. He learnt that in A.D. 1530 these three feathers were coloured, one blue, one green, and one white, to typify Faith, Hope, and Charity, but assumes this to be merely a mediæval symbolism engrafted on some older meaning. When crests were first introduced as knightly distinctions various nobles assumed the use of feathers either in lieu of emblematic beasts or in addition to these. William le Scrope (1394) and the Earl of Devon (reign of Henry v) adopted a high panache of feathers. Italian knights are portrayed sometimes with three, sometimes five, feathers in their helmets.

That ostrich feathers should be adopted by African chiefs as their distinguishing badge appears more natural, so we need not wonder that various pictures and photographs represent Cetewayo and other notable men—priests or chiefs—thus adorned, sometimes with three, sometimes four tall ostrich feathers.

Passing eastwards, Mr. Simpson's attention was arrested by a curiosity in the possession of the King of Greece. It was a golden ornament which had once adorned an old Turkish musket, and it had been brought up by a diver from the bottom of the sea, below the spot where the battle of Navarino was fought. It bears two crowns, one of which is surmounted by a triple ostrich plume, the other by a triple heron's plume. His researches into this subject led him to note that Tavernier, the Eastern traveller, had noted the triple heron's plume worn by the Sultan—a plume of military significance symbolising the right to command. So when sending forth armies to battle the Sultan bestowed one plume on his

Grand Vizier, who was thus officially declared commander-in-chief of the Ottoman forces.

It seems also that, from remote antiquity, the emperors of Hindostan have worn a similar plume of three black heron's feathers whenever they took the field for any warlike expedition. To this day the Maharajah of Cashmere wears a plume of heron's feathers in his ordinary head-dress, and so wholly is this recognised as his special badge that the herons of Cashmere live in blissful security, no subject daring to kill one under penalty of death.

Three feathers are also shown in divers illustrations, ancient and modern, as adorning the crown of the Shah of Persia, so that this imperial distinction is certainly widespread.

We do not require to go far from home for an illustration of the use of this badge of honour. In Scotland the chief of each Highland clan is distinguished by the three eagle's feathers worn in his cap, whereas all other members of the clan are entitled only to one feather. From my earliest childhood I remember the tall triple plume worn by my father as chief of his clan, and the three feathers laid close together, so as to overlap one another and apparently form one. In bygone days an aigrette of heron's feathers was worn by certain nobles (I think by King Henry VIII), and though, owing to the sad diminution of these beautiful birds, together with the change in modern dress, such custom has fallen into disuse, they are still occasionally worn by a Highland chief in full dress, in lieu of his triple eagle's plume.

The well-known phrase, "A feather in his cap," points to the widespread use of this simple mark of distinction. Thus in the "Lansdowne Manuscript" in the British Museum there is a description of Hungary in the year 1599, in which it is stated that "It hath been an ancient custom among them that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk."

I have had no opportunity of studying this feature in the customs of the American Indians, whose war-paint and feathers are so familiar to us in pictures, but it may be that only the Indian brave who has taken the scalps of foes is entitled to this picturesque decoration. Certain it is that none save a very high chief may wear the bristling crest of great feathers which, following the course of the spine, stand out at right angles from the crown of the head to the back of the calf, like a bristling mane. Special value is attached by the American Indians to the feathers of the chapparral cock, or medicine-bird, so called from a belief that it brings luck. The skin of this bird, or even a few feathers, is hung up in the Indian lodge, much as we see horseshoes hung up in England, from a superstitious notion that they ward off evil. For this reason a single tail feather of this bird of good omen is fastened to the little whistle which must be blown continuously during certain ceremonial dances.

If we turn to that strange land where, till within the last few years, a complete and most remarkable system of feudal chivalry has ruled in every detail of life—I mean Japan—we find that each great family has its distinctive badge or crest,

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which is worn by all its retainers, embroidered on their garments; and which is also moulded on the tiles specially prepared for the roof of the noble's house and private barracks, if I may so describe them. Several nobles seemed to have adopted feathers as their symbol, for among these badges we note one (that of the Kawano family) which represents two hawk's feathers crossed, while the Daimio of Kusa is distinguished by two feathers placed side by side.

In China we know that one peacock's feather, worn in the official cap, is bestowed as a high honour; and the two magnificent tail feathers of the Amherst pheasant, each four feet in length, are the orthodox head-dress of the ancient emperors, as represented on the Chinese stage, where, by the way, I was often amused by watching the little attendant, who, *supposed* to be invisible to the audience, follows every step of this personage in order to prevent these precious feathers from getting singed in candles or otherwise injured.

Throughout the vast empire of China, artificial flowers made of feathers are in favour with rich and poor, and are often quite as beautiful, as works of art, as the feather-flowers of Madeira.

But China has one most exquisite work, which is purely her own—namely, the gold and silver jewellery all inlaid with kingfisher's feathers, lustrous green and blue. The effect of this is like the finest enamel. The same feathers are very largely employed in the manufacture of theatrical head-dresses and other stage properties, and in ornamental hand-screens. In fact, the enormous consumption of kingfisher's feathers is such as to excite a feeling of amazement that these lovely birds should not long since have been exterminated.

The same wonder arises when we read the descriptions given by the old Spaniards of the feather dresses of the Mexican nobles, and we think of the myriads of birds which must have been sacrificed for the manufacture of such robes and coverings as were then in use.

"Fine feathers," they say, "make fine birds," and these magnificent nobles were largely adorned with borrowed plumes.

Thus it is recorded that when Cortes advanced to the city of Mexico, the mighty emperor Montezuma came forth to meet him, borne in a litter richly ornamented with gold, and with feather-work of all rich colours; a gorgeous canopy being carried over him. Immediately in advance of their sovereign were two hundred great nobles, each adorned with a crest of nodding feathers. These, again, were preceded by one thousand persons of rank, all similarly bedecked with plumes.

But the true feather-work of Mexico was so exquisitely refined as to resemble the finest mosaic. All manner of scenes were depicted by the feather artists, whose colours were supplied by the dazzling humming-birds. These were massacred wholesale for the sake of their rich plumage. One by one did the patient worker select his hues, lifting up each tiny feather with the finest pincers, and carefully adjusting it on a cloth coated with

glue, till at last the picture was complete, and so smooth and beautiful as to excite the amazement of the Spaniards.

We do not hear so much of the use of feathers amongst the Peruvians; but the Inca (the Peruvian monarch, whose dress was of the finest wool of the vicuna, richly dyed, and ornamented with a profusion of gold and precious stones) wore round his head a turban of many-coloured folds, and a tasselled fringe of scarlet vicuna wool, which encircled the forehead. In this head-dress two feathers of a rare and curious bird, called the coraquenque, were placed upright, as the distinguishing insignia of royalty.

Prescott tells us that the birds from which these feathers were obtained were found in a desert country, among the mountains, and it was death to destroy or to take them, as they were reserved for the exclusive purpose of supplying the royal head-gear. Every succeeding monarch was provided with a new pair of these plumes, and his credulous subjects fondly believed that only two individuals of the species had ever existed to furnish the simple ornament for the diadem of the incas.

Modern civilisation, with its monotonous uniformity of dress, ruthlessly sweeps away natural distinctions, but in the early part of the present century the feather-work in many of the Pacific isles was a source of marvel to travellers. To-day the King of Hawaii visits the courts of Europe in official uniform, but his warlike ancestors wore robes and helmets of feathers—black, yellow, and red. Each feather was fastened separately into a loop of fine string, so that the inside of the cloak resembles a closely-woven net, while on the surface the feathers are laid as smoothly as on the living bird, forming a rich glossy fabric.

It so happened that one of these was given to Bruce, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, from whom it descended to his granddaughter, Mrs. Cumming Bruce, during whose lifetime it was thrown over the bannisters of the old stairs at Kinnaird, near Falkirk, together with other curious foreign draperies, wonderful to our childish eyes. And yet we little dreamt how priceless in the eyes of a Hawaiian was the feather cloak in which the little granddaughter of the house (Lady Elma Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin, now Lady Thurlow) sometimes ventured to robe herself.

Now the old house and the quaint cloak are her own, but, alas! the latter lost its chief attraction when the hours of happy childhood had passed by; and so it came to pass that when, during the recent visit to England of the Hawaiian king, Kalikaua sought vainly among the royal treasures of Great Britain for this noted garment, it was hunted up from some neglected hiding-place, where it had lain undisturbed for long years, during which busy moths had been at work, and had so fretted the garment that little of it remained intact. The centre of the cloak is made of red feathers, dotted all over with yellow ones, and all round it there is a broad border of yellow feathers.

These war-cloaks and helmets were reserved for the highest chiefs on the most ceremonious occa-

sions. Their length varied with the rank of the chief, some only reaching to the waist, others trailing on the ground.

The inferior chiefs wore short cloaks made of the long tail-feathers of the cock, the tropic-bird, and the man-of-war bird, with only a border and a collar of the little red and yellow feathers. Other mantles were made of white feathers, with coloured feather borders, or a pattern of bright feathers on a groundwork of purple or glossy black.

One very rare and precious feather was especially reserved for the king, who alone had the privilege of wearing a cloak of these glossy golden treasures, and as each bird only yields two, the slaughter of these innocents involved by the making of one royal robe is horrible to contemplate, and the value of the garment is inestimable. In fact, such a cloak was a priceless heirloom, and though his Hawaiian Majesty now appears in full American uniform, the feather cloak of the great Kameha-meha is still worn as the coronation robe, and at the opening of Parliament it is spread as a symbolic covering on the throne. It is in charge of the king's sister, Kamakacha, as Mistress of the Robes. It is eleven feet in width and five in length—one sheet of lustrous gold, gorgeous to look upon.

But only think of the number of birds represented by such a garment! Why, about a thousand feathers are required to make a lei, or necklace, which, when finished, is not very attractive, the feathers being strung together so as to make a round necklace, which is rather suggestive of frayed-out silk. But then no commoner could possess so valuable a jewel, so the feather lei holds its place in the regalia. The leis, however, are often made of small round yellow feathers, which are very inferior in value to the sharp-pointed royal feather.

The bird which yields the priceless treasure is the oo, or royal bird, a species of honey-sucker peculiar to certain mountainous districts of the Hawaiian Isles. It is of a glossy black, and its tiny golden feathers lie underneath the wing, one on each side.

The birds are now very rare, though the method of gathering the annual harvest does not now involve their destruction. It was the great Kameha-meha who first thought of saving their lives, and ordered the birdcatchers to set the birds free when they had plucked their feathers. At the same time he forbade the woodcutters to cut young sandal-wood trees, thereby giving a proof of very un-Hawaiian forethought.

So now cunning fowlers go to the mountains frequented by the oo, and set up long poles, well baited, and smeared with a very adhesive sort of bird-lime. On these the birds alight, and are captured, robbed of their precious little yellow feathers, and then set free again. The feathers are only an inch long, sharp-pointed, and very delicate. Five feathers sell for six shillings, so you can easily understand that, at this valuation, the royal feather cloak is as costly a Crown jewel as could be worn by any sovereign. Certainly so much human labour was never expended on the setting of any gem.

Kameha-meha's great war-cloak is said to represent all the feathers collected by eight or ten successive chiefs. It was the work of a great mind to convert all the small *leis* and *tiputas* into one splendid royal garment. Unfortunately, a good many red feathers of the mo-mo have been interwoven with those of the golden oo, which detract somewhat from its glossy splendour.

This is the only royal cloak now existing in Hawaii. Of course they were always the most valuable possessions of the Crown, and so it happened that every now and again one was presented to some greatly-honoured foreigner, probably as an offering for his monarch (a gift priceless to the donor, but little appreciated by the recipient).

One had descended to the late King Lunalilo as an heirloom from his mother's royal ancestors. It was a square of six feet, and when the Well-Beloved died in his prime and lay in state at the Islani Palace, he was laid on this priceless cloth of gold, which, at the bidding of his father, was wrapped round him as a kingly shroud.

"He is the last of our race," said the weeping chief. "It is his." So the cloak, which, according to Hawaiian estimate, was valued at about twenty thousand pounds, was buried with him who alone was entitled to wear it.

Although this feather-work was pre-eminently Hawaiian, it found its way south to a certain extent. The Tahitian gods had feather coverings, and in Tonga, King Touboo's son is stated (I think by Captain Cook) to have worn a cloak of red feathers.

Even in Fiji neat little tiaras were made of the leathery leaf of the pandanus, or screw pine. These were smeared with a coating of some adhesive matter, and covered with closely-laid soft scarlet feathers. These are still occasionally worn at festive meetings.

But nowhere, save in Hawaii, have I heard of anything resembling the singularly artistic and symmetrical Hawaiian helmets, with their high crest, so strangely resembling those of the old Greeks. They were worked over a strong frame of woven wicker, strong enough to defend the head from a sharp blow. On this foundation the glossy golden-hued feathers were so closely laid as to resemble burnished gold.

The form of the helmets is so purely classical that it appears impossible that it should have been a spontaneous Hawaiian growth, and it is supposed that in some forgotten age the isles may have been visited by Spaniards, whose cloaks and helmets would naturally attract the envy and admiration of the ingenious islanders, who, for once, were fortunate in having graceful objects to copy. (Do you remember that the poor Tahitian women made tortoise-shell bonnets exactly resembling the hideous brown silk coal-scuttle bonnets worn by the wives of the first missionaries?)

Amongst the birds which supplied varied feathers for non-regal cloaks were the purple parrot, wild duck, and woodpecker, the latter yielding green, red, and yellow plumage. It is a remarkable fact that the Hawaiian group (so I am told) possesses no land birds in common with any other Polynesian group. One of its most attrac-

tive songsters is a brown and yellow speckled bird, found in the mountains, with a note like our own thrush.

A somewhat picturesque use of feathers is the manufacture of the Kahili of Hawaii. Specimens of these are to be seen by any traveller who, touching at Honolulu, takes the regulation drive to the summit of the ridge behind the town, and, in so doing, passes the Royal Mausoleum. This is a small but ornamental Gothic stone building. Within it lie the Hawaiian kings, queens, and their little ones of several generations, in coffins of highly-polished wood, or else covered with crimson velvet.

The bones of the great King Kameha-meha were preserved in the true native fashion, and are enclosed in a square chest. At the feet of the coffins and at the door of the mausoleum are placed tall Kahilis, honorific symbols, which, to irreverent foreign eyes, are suggestive of gigantic feather-brushes, or rather bottle-brushes, the brush part being composed of a long cylindrical basket, about a foot in diameter and from twelve to fifteen feet in height, to which are attached the feathers, which are generally black or rose-coloured.

This feather-drum is mounted on a long handle, adorned with rings of sperm-whale's teeth and tortoise-shell. In native processions it is carried like a banner, and represents the coat of arms of the owner. Sometimes they are made of peacock's feathers, sometimes parrot's and other tropical birds', others of feathers brought from the Guano Isles. They are of every colour—purple, blue, green, black, white, crimson, and scarlet; but the most precious are those made of the red and yellow feathers of the sacred bird.

How strangely the customs of the Eastern and Western isles recall one another. In Hawaii a multitude of feather *kahilis* are waved around the dead. In Britain nodding plumes of ostrich feathers wave above the bier! When King Liholiho lay in state for four long weeks, relays of mourners watched around his coffin, wailing ceaselessly, and waving the tall black kahilis. When he was carried to his burial the funeral car was preceded by seventy-two kahili-bearers, the custom of the isles requiring that each high chief should send these, his family insignia, to do honour to his late sovereign.

In India a very similar emblem of rank is the Moarchull, a sort of great circular fan made of peacock's feathers surmounting a long, ornamental handle; it is a badge of sovereignty, and a couple of these insignia are always carried behind a rajah.

Apparently the special mark of high rank has suggested itself to many races, for in ancient Egyptian sculptures the attendants of Pharaoh are represented as bearing feather ornaments on the end of a pole, evidently as a royal symbol. So too on the Assyrian sculptures now in the British Museum, one represents King Sardanapalus and his queen, with attendants carrying these regal emblems, composed of three feathers on a pole. Another great bas-relief shows Sennacherib similarly distinguished by honorific triple plumes on tall poles.

Curiously enough, most of the Egyptian gods are represented with feather head-dresses; indeed Thmei, the goddess of truth and justice, is sometimes depicted with a feather *instead* of a head. Her particular symbol was an ostrich feather, which was placed in the balance wherein she weighed the souls of the dead—feather versus soul. The happy soul which passed this test satisfactorily was represented as going on its way rejoicing, bearing an ostrich feather in each hand, or else worn on the head.

Feathers likewise figure conspicuously in the simpler faith of the South Sea Isles. The Tahitians spoke of their idols as "feather-gods," because they were adorned either with the long-tail feathers of the tropic-bird or with the scarlet feathers of a smaller and rarer bird. It was supposed that the very essence of the deity became incarnate in these gay feathers, and so, when the tribes went forth to war, and desired that the presence of their god should go with them, they held a solemn service at the temple, and then plucked one feather from off the principal idol. This was placed, with great ceremony, on an ark specially prepared for its reception, and this again on a sacred canoe, which was the locomotive tabernacle, and accompanied every expedition. Thenceforward all worship was addressed only to the feather-symbol, and no prayer was offered at the accustomed shrine until the return of the warriors, lest the attention of the god should thereby be divided.

Year by year, as the Tahitians congregated at the great national temple, they carried with them offerings of precious feathers. These were deposited by the priests within the hollow idols, while those which had been offered in the previous year were taken out reverently and distributed among the worshippers, to be by them carried home to their own villages to adorn the local shrines, and not merely as visible symbols, but as ensuring the very presence of the god whom they represented. Some of the bloodiest battles and most obstinate wars between the tribes inhabiting the isles of Moorea and Tahiti have been fought in order to secure possession of certain venerated feather-gods.

Akin to the Tahitian idols in this respect though otherwise dissimilar, were the national war-gods of Hawaii, which were great blocks of wood several feet in height, with heads and necks formed of fine wicker-work, covered with red feathers, so curiously wrought as to resemble the skin of a bird. The monstrously ugly face (with eyes of mother-of-pearl and mouth grinning from ear to ear to display triple rows of shark's teeth) was surmounted by a wig—long tresses of human hair—and was crowned with a very beautiful sort of helmet of classical form, made of wicker and covered with bright yellow feathers which shone like gold.

When the Hawaiians wished to do honour to Captain Cook, in the full belief that he was their long-expected god Ozono, the king and the great chiefs dressed in rich feather cloaks and helmets came to do homage to him, accompanied by the priests carrying these feathered-gods. On meet-

ing Captain Cook the king gracefully threw over him his own priceless feather cloak, placed a feather helmet on his head, and a curious fan in his hand, and spread at his feet half a dozen most beautiful large feather cloaks, thus honouring him whom they all believed to be in truth a god.

When their faith in his divinity had been so thoroughly upset that they had ventured to resist some of his many demands, and had almost accidentally caused his death, they preserved his bones in a wicker shrine adorned with precious red feathers, and worshipped them, carrying them round the isle from one holy place to another.

In the early part of this century, when civilisation made such marvellously rapid strides in Hawaii, a somewhat picturesque era intervened ere the Court was wholly given over to the rigid regulation patterns, as ruled by inexorable tailors. Thus at a festival celebrating the death of Kamehameha the Great there was a procession in honour of his five queens, in which things new and old blended in the oddest manner.

First, Queen Kamamalu was borne aloft in state, seated in a whale-boat placed on a platform of wicker-work, thirty feet long by twelve wide. The boat and the framework were covered with foreign broadcloth and handsome native tappa—*i.e.*, cloth made of bark. The queen was robed in scarlet silk, and wore a feather crown. A chief stood beside her, wearing a feather helmet, and supporting an immense Chinese umbrella, highly gilt, and decorated with scarlet tassels and fringes. Two of the highest chiefs stood behind her on the platform, wearing waist-cloths of scarlet silk and helmets of yellow feathers that show in the sun. Each carried a kahili (the bottle-brush emblem of royalty), with its plume of scarlet feathers, about twelve feet in height, mounted on a handle about twenty feet high, adorned with alternate rings of tortoise-shell and ivory.

The whole of this erection was carried along on the shoulders of seventy men marching in solid phalanx. The *show-men* on the outer ranks were resplendent in gleaming cloaks and helmets of glossy feathers, scarlet and yellow.

The king's brother and sister were carried along in similar style, seated in double canoes placed on a platform covered with tappa, and with a canopy of yellow cloth. Behind them stood two very high chiefs bearing dishes of baked dog, raw fish, and a calabash of poi, to note their own lowliness in relation to the royal children. The latter wore the simple *malo* and *pa-ū*, the very scanty male and female dress, but in this instance made of scarlet silk.

The two queens-dowager were gorgeously apparelled. One of these portly dames was swathed in seventy yards of cashmere, half orange and half scarlet, forming such a bale of stuff that her arms

were supported horizontally, while the surplus formed a train carried by her attendants.

Now Hawaii's barbaric age is past. The feather war-cloaks of her chiefs are replaced by gorgeous European or American uniforms, and though some of her great ladies still cherish their feather necklaces, their general dress is Parisian-American.

Only, just as no British sovereign could be legally crowned save on the ancient king-making stone concealed within the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, so must the King of Hawaii retain the feather war-cloak of his great ancestor as a mystic symbol of his regal office—a mantle which, like that of Elijah, carries with it an inherent merit, something more than the mere memory of the Master-Spirit to whom it first belonged.

At the recent coronation of King Kalakaua (February 12th, 1883) the resources of the little island kingdom were taxed to the utmost to arrange a ceremonial which should, so far as was possible, reproduce the State common to such pageants in lands of old civilisation. The high chiefesses—whose mothers, veiled only by their own raven locks, swam out to meet the first foreign ships that neared the isles—appeared at the coronation in gorgeous apparel. Of the king's sisters, one was dressed in brocaded white satin trimmed with pearls and feathers, and wore scarlet satin shoes. The other wore white satin and gold brocade, with crimson velvet train, and head-dress of delicate white feathers and gold leaves. The little Princess Kaiulana, who is next in succession to the throne, was dressed in light-blue silk, and was followed by her English governess, while on either side of her walked attendants bearing very handsome tall *kahilis* of white feathers.

Twenty-four large *kahilis* occupied a conspicuous place in the royal procession, but one was carried solemnly by itself, namely, the *kahili* of King Pili, as symbolising "the ancient supreme chieftaincy."

The king was dressed in a white military uniform, with blue trousers, and wore a profusion of foreign and native orders. Queen Kapiolani wore a gold-embroidered white satin skirt and crimson velvet train, trimmed with ermine. The most effective and characteristic moment of the ceremonial was that when Princess Kekaulike—the queen's sister, and guardian of the royal feather mantle—presented it to the Lord Chancellor, who placed it on the shoulders of King Kalakaua, saying, "Receive this ancient royal mantle of your predecessors as the ensign of knowledge and wisdom."

Thus was the Hawaiian king confirmed in his high estate. The foreign crowns seem altogether superfluous, for in the feather mantle alone is invested the king-making power.



STAGING TO THE YOSEMITE.

LONG accessible only by devious and difficult horse-trails, the famous valley of the Large Grizzly Bear, or Yōsēmīty—for such is the accepted rendering and pronunciation of the old Indian name of this romantic stronghold of Californian tribes, which was only discovered by the white explorers of the State, under Captain Boling, in 1851—is now entered by two "all-waggon" roads. That which starts from the Madera station of the Visalia division of the Southern Pacific, a night's journey by rail from either San Francisco or Los Angeles, is the most recently completed and the shortest and easiest stage route. It enters the valley by way of Fresno Flats and the old Indian trail of Mariposa in a day and a half's rapid staging of more than ninety miles. An extra half day is required to visit the Mariposa groves of Big Trees, and when Madera is again reached on the return journey—for exit by the opposition routes is more expensive and less easily arranged—about two hundred miles of staging will have been accomplished.

The moderate fare of forty dollars covers the largest amount of jolting for the smallest amount of money of any similar ride in pursuit of pleasure and scenery, but its fatigues and discomfort are soon forgotten in the novelty of swift and exhilarating motion in an open coach, behind a gallant team of six, over winding mountain roads and amid the silent forests of the Sierra foot hills. In fact, the stage ride is not the least astonishing and interesting part of the trip to this wonderful valley, which encloses within its narrow limits of eleven hundred acres some of the highest and most beautiful waterfalls in the world, shut in by a continuous wall of granite precipice sometimes three-quarters of a mile in vertical height. As the waterfalls are entirely fed by the melting snows of the Sierra plateau, they gradually dwindle in volume in summer; May and June are therefore the best months for the trip. Then the valley is no place for those whose enjoyment of exquisite scenery is marred by the fact that it is accessible to others also, for it is daily invaded by several coach-loads of tourists—a most cosmopolitan host of English "round the worlders," or exiles homeward bound from India, China, and Japan—Scotch, Germans, Americans, and French. In the winter the hotels which in summer furnish every necessary are shut up, and the valley is almost deserted, and cut off from regular intercourse from the outside world by drifts of impassable snow.

Early on a bright mid-June morning we started for the valley from Madera, whither a coach-load of tourists, who had left San Francisco at four p.m. on the previous day, and passed part of the night in cars in a siding, had preceded us by two hours. The stages of the Yosemite Turnpike Company, run by the Washburn Brothers, burly Californians as much alike as two peas, were built expressly for

valley transit, strength and not elegance being chiefly considered. They are heavy, boat-like vehicles, with five rows of outside seats, holding fifteen persons in the body of the vehicle, as a roofed coach of the usual type would be dangerously top-heavy for the narrow, precipitous mountain roads, which only permit of the passage of one coach at a time, with a margin of a few inches, except at certain appointed places. The sunshade is removed directly the forest region is reached. There is no bugle and no guard to blow it, for the driver, sometimes a coloured man, and often wearing a tattered hat and ragged waistcoat, manages the brake with his foot, and sends, nonchalantly smoking the while, his team of six along at a rattling pace for two-thirds of the first day's staging of over sixty miles. The stages are short, and the horses, in excellent condition, are frequently changed, the halts for water being one of the pleasantest incidents of the drive. The wheelers steer the coach, and instinctively give place to the rocks in rounding the curves. On the other four horses devolves the labour of pulling, and the leaders, beyond the reach of the lash, receive correction in the shape of a small pebble aimed at their flanks as occasion requires. It is a wonderful exhibition of skill, with either the careful George B. Dowst, who has driven thirty years in California without accident, or the more dashing Munroe, on the box, veterans it will be difficult to replace; as the rapidly encroaching narrow gauge drives the stage off the roads in California, New Mexico, and Arizona, as it has already done among the mountains of Colorado, there will be no field for apprenticeship. No serious mishap has occurred on the Madera route since its opening. The gear is always critically tested daily, so, despite seeming danger and dizzy outlooks, apprehension is soon merged in admiration and the serious business of holding on.

The first stage of eleven miles was a rapid one, the driver cutting his own road at full trot over the dried-up grassy flat. A few stumpy alder bushes marked the course of the Fresno river, but the most prominent object was a graded V-shaped wooden trough, or flume, which is carried for fifty miles into the forests, and, fed by a mountain stream, floats the spoil of the lumberer down to the railroad. Now and then a log could be seen bobbing along at a famous rate. An interval of three minutes is allowed between each float, and the water is further employed in irrigation at Madera. Jackass rabbits (the Californian hare), and numbers of the pretty grey and soft-furred but most destructive land squirrels (gophers), scampered swiftly over the flats. Once a halt was called to secure the cartilage rattle from a snake lying dead near the track. Lovely little crested quails nodded their graceful feather-tufted heads, and ran off to the shelter of the huge boulders, which became more frequent, and on which the

dusky sand lizards lay basking in the sun. Blue jays and trim, sober-coloured Quaker-like ground doves enlivened the scene. We saw more birds that morning than in all the rest of our journey through America. Next came a fair, park-like region, dotted here and there with handsome pines and round spreading oaks, looking exactly as though planted out for effect. Numbers of sheep were grazing on the long, hay-coloured grass, and the whole scene was like an English park in a very dry summer. The road wound round and round the boulders, and, much cut up by mule trains, produced sudden jerks, which sent us all flying up to the roof in proportionate ratio to our personal gravity. Then came a little valley shut in by slopes, clothed with oak-scrub, buckseye, the sweet-smelling Californian lilac (*Ceanothus*), forming a dense undergrowth, or chapparal. The dinner halt was made at Coarse Gold Gulch, an insignificant ravine and streamlet, the former site of gold workings now abandoned. Here the sunshade was removed, and soon after the route was resumed we were driven through the Chowchilla Creek, a wide flowing stream which reached up to the axle-trees, and the scenery became wilder on the ascent into the shady forests of the Chowchilla foot hills. Sometimes a herdsman was passed, or a boy with the spoils of his gun, a string of quail hanging at his waistbelt, in this happy land of no game laws. He looked a more dignified sportsman than a settler we had noticed at one of the shanties for changing horses, who, armed with a long "shotgun" (as they say West, to distinguish from the bullet-carrying rifle), was in hot pursuit of a large white cockerel of the domestic breed. It flopped along rapidly, and with much ingenuity evaded his efforts to get within clean killing range so long as the halt lasted. Shooting, it seems, is the legitimate mode of slaughter, even for domestic animals, in California. But, after all, there is not so much difference between the domestic cockerel and tame pheasants or trapped pigeons.

The afternoon drive was through the first instalment of the foot hill forests, and the summit of one ridge, about six thousand feet above the sea, afforded a fine view of level, dark, tree-clad ranges sloping up to the horizon on all sides, and shutting out all sight of the plain. In the far distance the trestle flume could still be traced on its ascent to the heart of the lumber district. The winding descent of two thousand feet was swiftly accomplished on the full run, although the leaders were often out of sight round the ever-recurrent curves, —sometimes the whole six horses were visible at once to those sitting behind. But it was quite dusk, and later than usual, and the trail, thick with red dust, eroded from the metamorphic rocks from which it was cut, was scarcely visible in the quickly increasing darkness, as our Jehu rattled over the loose wooden planking bridging the South Fork of the Merced, and drove at a gallop up the gentle slope on which Clark's Ranch is prettily situated, four thousand feet above the sea, the same elevation as the Yosemite valley, from which it is only twelve miles distant in a straight line. It was so cool that a wood fire seemed quite appropriate.

At five a.m. again *en route* for the short but stiff stage of twenty-five miles, which takes eight hours to accomplish at foot's pace, up the mountain forest road, over, but more often through, streamlets innumerable, where the driver would occasionally halt and leisurely proceed to water his team of six, and many of the passengers would rush off into the scrub to gather ferns or flowers. The white creamy blossoms of the western azalea (*A. occidentalis*) were especially luxuriant. It grew in strong clumps along the courses of the streamlets as they poured over the rocks amid granite boulders, which began to present the smooth and dome-like character peculiar to the Yosemite region. Magnificent pitch and sugar pines, some thirty feet in circumference, reared their straight brown trunks two hundred feet upwards, and noble firs, spruce, and dark-foliaged cedars shut out the sun as we mounted higher and higher into the middle forest belt. Some trees were clothed with a fantastic growth of lichen, and the trunks of the pines were often perforated by regular series of round holes at a certain height from the ground. This was the work of the Californian woodpecker, a tiny blue-and-white bird, which flitted swiftly among the branches. They collect the acorns from the oak, and, puncturing the bark of the pines, fit them so accurately into the holes that they are difficult to extract, for I tried to get some out of a tree in the valley. Many of the acorns contain a grub which grows fat on the kernel and is ready for the consumption of the carpenter woodpecker, who resorts to his winter granary when the snow has clothed the ground in a heavy winter mantle.

The dry hawk of a blue jay, the splash of the waterfall, and the rustle of the bright-eyed tree-squirrels—such fine fellows—scudding up the long straight trees, are the only sounds in these glorious forests, which are, alas! marred by the injudicious hand of the lumberer, and devastated by fires, caused sometimes by lightning, but oftener by the wanton carelessness of campers. Traces of its ravages are too frequent; undergrowth, branches, foliage, and stems alike blackened by its course. Some of the noblest pines are thus hollowed out, and now and again two or three lie in a tangled mass of ruin. Rarely we passed the hut of a woodman or herd tending the sheep driven up from the scorched-up plains, or the hobbled horses and waggon and white tents of campers on their way up to the valley for the summer. As the excellent mountain turnpike is the property of the builders, a heavy toll is levied on horsemen, waggons, and all entering the valley otherwise than by the coaches of the company. Another road in process of completion in connection therewith leads out of the valley from the summit of Glacier Point, and returning to Clark's by another route will enhance the popularity of the Madera route, which enters by the pass affording the first and most impressive view of the valley.

A sudden turn once brought us to the margin of the range and forest on a level with the summit-line of other forest-clad foot hills, while two thousand feet below a river rushed through the cañon, and on the opposite side were the cor-

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responding walls of the ravine, with tall pines and shrubs clinging amid and clothing the boulders and veiling the precipice. For some time the road followed the summit of this defile, a dizzy outlook; then we struck the forest again in a sharp ascent, and in descending reached Inspiration Point, where a halt is made to enjoy the first view into the valley, and of El Capitan, a frowning wall of granite which projects boldly across the narrow mouth of a tiny field of green shut in by straight high granite walls, the snow-strewn summit of Cloud's Rest and bare rounded crest of the North Dome closing the vista. Beyond, the long V-shaped valley narrows and bends, dividing into three rocky cañons walled up by almost impassable rocks. A thousand feet below, on our right, the Bridal Veil Creek leaped in a wind-tossed cascade of white mist from the summit of Cathedral Rock, and the horses were soon watered at its base, amid huge boulders and azaleas and other flowering shrubs of exquisite beauty. The winding descent was too rapidly accomplished amid tall pines and shrubs, which, when seen from below, were dwarfed into toy trees of a Noah's ark pattern, or merged in a clustering fringe of bushes. The clear blue sky above, and the harmony in grey of the sheer rock precipices, broken here and there by dark verdure, contrasted well with the bright hues of the narrow belt of meadow and cottonwoods, alone unshadowed by towering granite dome and pinnacle, and in the midst of which the green Merced flowed in a swift tumultuous current.

The long verandah of Cook's Hotel, where we were comfortably quartered, almost faces the spot where the snow-fed Yosemite Creek takes its first great leap of sixteen hundred feet into a rocky basin, whence it emerges amid a cloud of spray to tumble a farther six hundred feet in a series of

casades over rocky ledges, and finally plunges, in another straight fall of four hundred feet, on to piles of shimmering mossgrown rocks, flowing on in a series of divided rivulets to unite with the Merced river. Its beauty grows on you as well as the comprehension of its great leap. The wind adds a fresh grace, producing a vibratory undulation in the long upper column of water about thirty feet wide, deflecting it in a body from its course as the broad strip of wet rock shows plainly. A close view of the under fall shuts out the upper one, for its base lies in the shadows of the projecting rocks, which, thrown across the valley, lengthen or shorten with the varying hours.

An early morning excursion is, *de rigueur*, to see the sun rise in Mirror Lake, the unruffled surface of which was then much dimmed by the scum from the overhanging poplars. The sun gradually mounts the rearward crest of Mount Watkins, a dark dome-shaped mass seen best from here, and bathes the surface of the water with a brilliant glow of light. The reflection of its disc, and of the summits and wall of rock, is more or less clearly duplicated therein. The lake is formed by the Tenaya Fork of the Merced, which flows through a subordinate cañon closed up by narrowing walls of rock, of which Mount Watkins and Cloud's Rest are the dominating crests. The lake is small, and a Scotchman said truly, he could see as good a reflection in his "ain countrie." But then there is none of the European uncertainty as to seeing the sun rise, while it is well worth going to catch the outlines of granite arches, domes, and spires, veiled and softened in the early morning haze. There was certainly more dew and mist in the valley at sunset and sunrise than at similar elevations in Colorado, a region which, it seemed to me, must be pleasanter to camp out in, for those not to "the manner born," at any



MIRROR LAKE.

rate. Later on we revisited and lingered long near the base of the Yosemite Fall, and walked through the flower-strewn meadows on the left bank of the Merced, past the Three Brothers, and on to the base of "El Capitan." Standing underneath, the grandeur of this massive block, three thousand six hundred feet from summit to base,



CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

is better realised. It dwarfs to utter insignificance the piles of large boulders hereabout. From this spot the sheer precipitous walls of the three-crested Cathedral Rock, which guards the opposite mouth of the valley, are well seen.

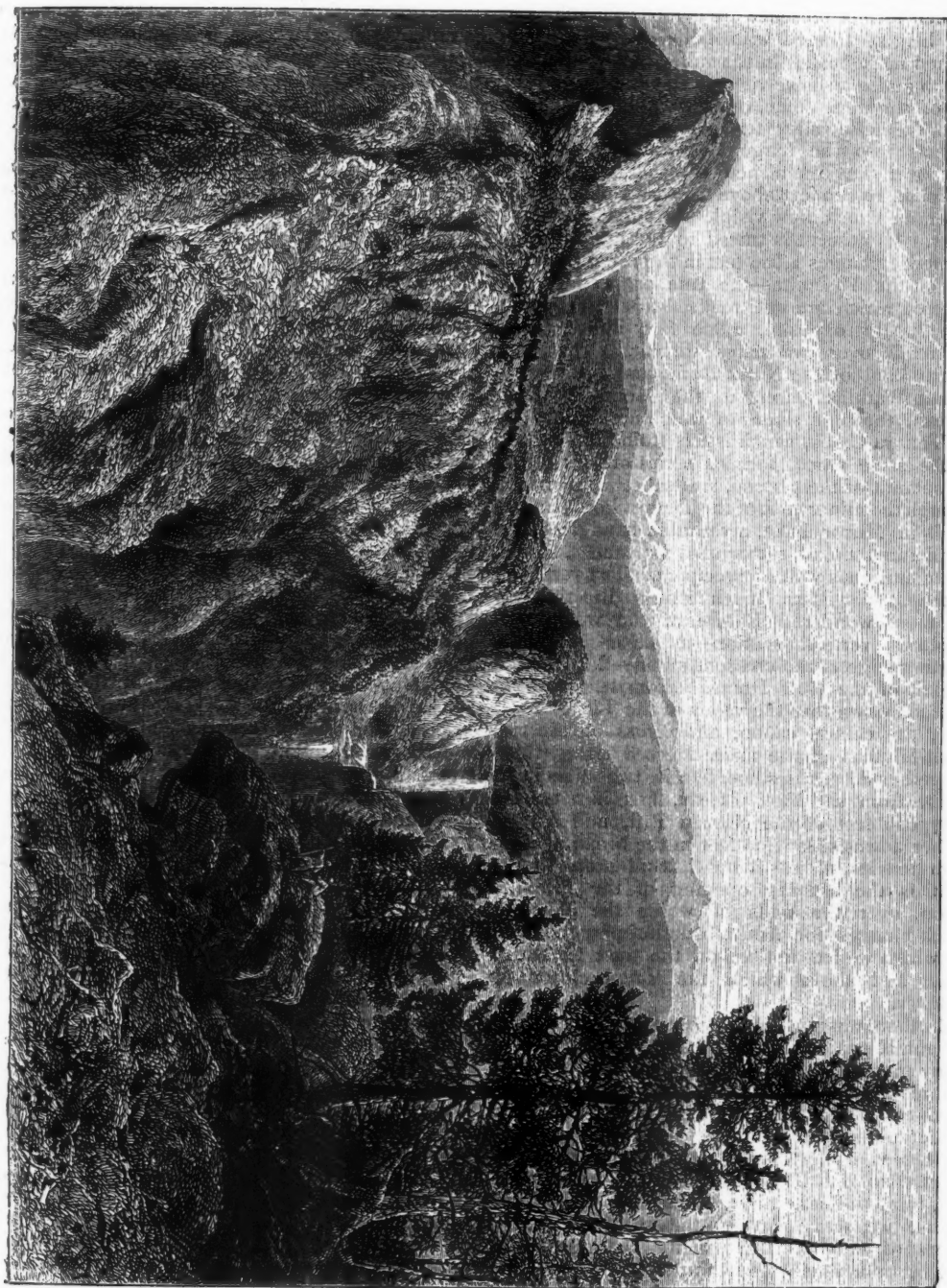
We were in search of the upper bridge over the Merced and the wigwams of the digger-Indians who camp in the valley in the summer to store acorns and catch fish for the hotels. They dress in a semi-civilised fashion, and we had already seen one squaw of the party galloping through

the valley with hair flying in the wind; but, O shade of Pocohontas! mounted on a side-saddle. Somehow, the bridge was passed, and, wandering on, we got fairly bewildered in the undergrowth on attempting a short cut to the river, which here winds abruptly. A Scotchman assumed the lead, beating the tall grass for snakes and extemporising gateways through palings; and at last the bridge was caught sight of at a sudden bend of the Merced. Here also was the Indian camp, a semicircle of tapering, red-bark wigwams, hidden by tall pines. A leafy bower, erected in a tree a few feet from the ground, contained nothing more interesting than a pair of long boots. An old squaw, clothed in tattered print, with bare feet and arms and chest, her head thatched with thick, coarse, grey hair, seemed the only occupant of the camp; and she, carrying a neat, woven basket on her head, made off to a neighbouring rock, and, crouching on her haunches, surveyed us at leisure. The old dame gesticulated, but descended not, and no bucks appearing, we made off to the hotel.

As yet the valley had been seen only from below, and an ascent to the summit of its walls or some peak beyond is requisite to realise its true proportions and relationship to the granite plateau. Then a view of the snow-strewn summits of the distant Sierras half fills a void in the longing for Alpine contrast of valley, rock masses, vegetation, glacier, and snowfield, for the absence of which, in one harmonious whole, neither precipices nor waterfalls, however high and majestic, can wholly compensate. With this view we presented the introduction with which Professor Marsh had favoured us to Mr. Galen Clark, one of the pioneers in the Yosemite, and discoverer of the Mariposa grove of Big Trees, who at once suggested a day's trip up to Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome, the pleasures of which were greatly enhanced by the genial guidance and companionship of this cultivated "backwoodsman" and true lover of nature. Mr. Clark is familiar with every trail and craggy outlook in and around the valley, where he resides all the winter, when the sun only penetrates its recesses for three hours about noon. Then he is able to familiarise himself with the works of the great scientists and explorers whose labours and exploits have been so fitly commemorated in the names of Mounts Lyell, McClure, Dana, Tyndall, and Whitney, applied by the officers of the Survey of California to some of the before untrodden peaks of the High Sierras.

Mounted on surefooted little mustangs, we made an early start up M'Caulay's trail—a well-cut, narrow, dusty horse-path, which winds, in many a turn, amid boulders, pines, streamlets, and shrubs—up what from below seemed an inaccessible precipice. At the first halting-place—Union Point, over two thousand feet above the valley—there is a fine view of the vertical sides of Sentinel Rock and the Merced, with its fringe of poplars and green meadow meandering to the mouth of the valley which lies mapped out half in shadow below, with a background of granite wall, here and there stained with purple bands of

THE SIERRAS OF THE YOSEMITE.



waterflow or lichen. Another pull-up over a rounded knob thickly covered with scrub, and Glacier Point was reached—misleading name, for there are no glaciers now in sight, though traces of their former presence are evident enough. But this height, fringed with tall dark pines which seemed mere bushes in the valley below, affords a superb and expansive view of the granite plateau, and of the three clefts, or cañons, with which the main Yosemite valley terminates. On the left it projects into the Large Yosemite, and we can look over the diminished snowfields of Mount Hoffman, 10,600 feet above the sea, which feed the Yosemite Creek, now visible as a broad stream of water. Its descent is traced to the granite ledge whence it plunges 2,600 feet in the three beautiful falls of the Yosemite—the true proportions and grace of which are well realised from this point, immediately opposite, 2,800 feet above them, but really over two miles distant. The bare granite knob of the North Dome and the peak of Mount Watkins belong to the Mount Hoffman plateau, the right slopes of which are drained by the Tenaya Creek, which issues from a green lake of the same name, forms a series of lakelets on the summit of the plateau, and subsequently flows through the minor cleft of the Tenaya Fork and expands in Mirror Lake, a veritable handglass as it lay pictured below surrounded by arches, dome, and continuous wall of precipice. The verandah of the Glacier Point Lunch House directly faces the most wonderful feature of the valley, the absolutely vertical section—as clear-cut as the seeming edge of the crescent moon—the unscaled summit of the Half Dome. From here also we can look down into the valley of the Little Yosemite, the central cañon, and across at the two beautiful falls of the main Merced river, which altogether descends 2,000 feet in two miles in its course from the high plateau, first in a twisted mass 600 feet of the Nevada Fall, and a little farther down falling 400 feet in the broad rippling foam masses of the Vernal. Still more to the right is the curving opening of the Illioutte cañon, over the walls of which the Illioutte Creek plunges 600 feet, a beautiful perpendicular fall which we had noticed on the tract to Mirror Lake, and above which the cañon closes up abruptly.

But there was more in prospect; and, remounting, our genial guide led up the trail through a belt of shady pines and undergrowth of raspberry canes towards Sentinel Dome, which lies half a mile north-east of Glacier Point, a thousand feet higher, and, standing back from the valley walls, had shut out the view in the rear. Soon the region of vegetation and black-leaved pines was passed, and, tying the horses to a solitary weather-beaten stump, we scrambled up the steep concentric layers of smooth, bare granite, the summit of which, more than eight thousand feet above the sea, affords a gloriously expansive view of the dark, serrated peaks of Mounts McClure and Lyell, of the Mount Lyell group, with Mount Clark, named in honour of our guide, of the snow-covered Merced group, and the bare, rounded knob of Mount Star King in the immediate foreground.

Far, far away stretch the peaks of Mounts Conness and Dana and others of the High Sierra, from thirteen to fifteen thousand feet high. The view of the three Yosemite cañons is indeed sublime, and the vertical walls of the Half Dome, which rears its singular crest five hundred feet higher than our standpoint, loom out most impressively. Snow lies here and there in detached masses, but there is no particle of vegetation. All is bare and smooth, sloping up to the serrated crests of the distant Sierras. There are no glaciers, but evidence of their presence and work in former times is abundant in the smooth, rounded appearance of the subordinate knolls of the Mount Hoffman plateau, as well as in the small moraines in the valley beneath.

Here, and here only, are the true proportions of the Yosemite realised, and it is seen to be a narrow cleft in the great glacier-smoothed and snow-patched plateau. In homely words, we seem to stand on the top of a vast piecrust, of which the domes and summits are the ornaments, the valley representing a portion cut away, and a very clear cut it is, leaving the walls vertical. It is an astounding phenomenon, and one for which neither erosion by water, fissure, nor even glaciers a thousand feet thick and a mile and a half wide, can wholly account. In default of other equally valid theories as to the origin of the valley, that promulgated by Professor Whitney must be accepted at present. According to his belief the valley was rent in the granite plateau, possibly at the period of the elevation of the Sierras, when the undercrust had not solidified, and that the abyss thus created by the falling away of the undercrust swallowed up the *débris*. For the small amount now visible is of recent accumulation, resulting from the disintegration of the present walls, the existing bottom of the valley and lines of drainage being comparatively modern features.

We walked most of the way down the steep descent into the valley. It is barely five miles up to the summit, but even moderate exertion tells on pedestrians unacclimatised to the rarefied air. But none should miss the view from the Sentinel Dome, and a further trip up Cloud's Rest, equally accessible, will give a close view of the Vernal and Nevada Falls and of the opposite features of the Yosemite walls and beyond. Hotel rates are three dollars a day in the valley, and an extra dollar for trail tolls would cover all expenses, for horses and guides would be unnecessary for those who have time to become acclimatised and to visit all the points on foot. With Professor J. D. Whitney's scholarly and interesting pocket guide, another edition of which is much needed, and Clarence King's delightful "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," to enthuse and direct a month's trip in and around the Yosemite, would be too brief a holiday. It would form a good preparation for an expedition to the High Sierras, year by year becoming more practicable, the delights of which can be but faintly realised even from the loftiest summits of the Yosemite walls.

The valley looked very beautiful through the delicate morning haze as our coach slowly ascended the Mariposa trail. Round the base of

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El Capitan the Coulterville trail, a tiny streak of white, wound amid pines and boulders, and the opposition vehicle, to the occupants of which we doubtless presented an equally microscopic appearance, was dwarfed to the semblance of a toy coach and horses. At noon Clark's Ranch was reached after a delightful drive through the forest. In the afternoon the Big Trees of the Mariposa groves, five miles from the hotel, were visited, the road passing through a forest belt of magnificent firs and sugar pines in full health and vigour from one hundred to two hundred feet high. They are of truly noble proportions, more impressive than the Big Trees, which seem like dying giants, and almost sadden one. Their grand red trunks are often blackened and sometimes quite hollowed out by fire. The high set gnarled branches, as large as the trunks of other trees, are fringed with dark, feeble foliage. There were some fine young trees, and the grizzly giant in the Lower Grove, measured by the united efforts of the party as high as could be reached, was found to exceed ninety feet in circumference. The tallest tree is two hundred and seventy-two feet in height and the majority considerably exceed two hundred feet. The Mariposa groves stand at an elevation of 6,400 feet near the banks of a stream. The trunk of one medium-sized tree was so hollowed out by fire that a horseman rode in, turning round easily inside, and in the last tree of the lower grove the coach and horses were halted in a passage-way twenty-seven feet in diameter,



MARIPOSA GROVES.

cut through the trunk, which is in no way affected by it. The tree from which the bark burnt in the Crystal Palace fire some years ago was taken still flourishes in the Calaveras grove. All the Big Trees, which most resemble cedars, are restricted to the Californian Sierra, where they are neither uncommon nor dying out, at elevations between five and seven thousand feet above the sea. Found by botanists to be generically identical with the Californian red-wood of the coast ranges, named after Sequoia, a Cherokee Indian chief, the later

name of Wellingtonia has been necessarily abandoned in consonance with the traditions of scientific nomenclature. The age of the oldest tree has been calculated at fifteen hundred years. The cones of the sequoia gigantea are small, dark, and peach-sized, but those of the sugar-pines are quite a foot in length.

Next day the mercury stood at 32° at six a.m., when we started for the plains, rather a contrast to the 105° of the Arizona deserts at the beginning of the month; but neither fatigue nor extremes of heat and cold are felt acutely in the dry and invigorating air of the Central and South-Western States. The long day's staging down was wearisome, but once descending the Chowchilla foot hills, there was a brief but glorious vision of the coast ranges lying beyond the San Joaquin valley, a commingling of mountain outlines, clouds, and snow, in exquisite form. But none were sorry to reach Madera, all travel-stained beyond recognition of nearest relatives; and the night's rest in the excellent hotel, to which bath-rooms are attached, was far preferable to the journey in the sleeping-car to San Francisco.

Boarding the seven-thirty Southern Pacific express for that city next morning, we passed through Merced County, watered by creeks and arrayos (irrigating ditches). Here, as throughout California, to quote Hood's description of the English fens,

"Windmills lend revolving animation to the scene,"

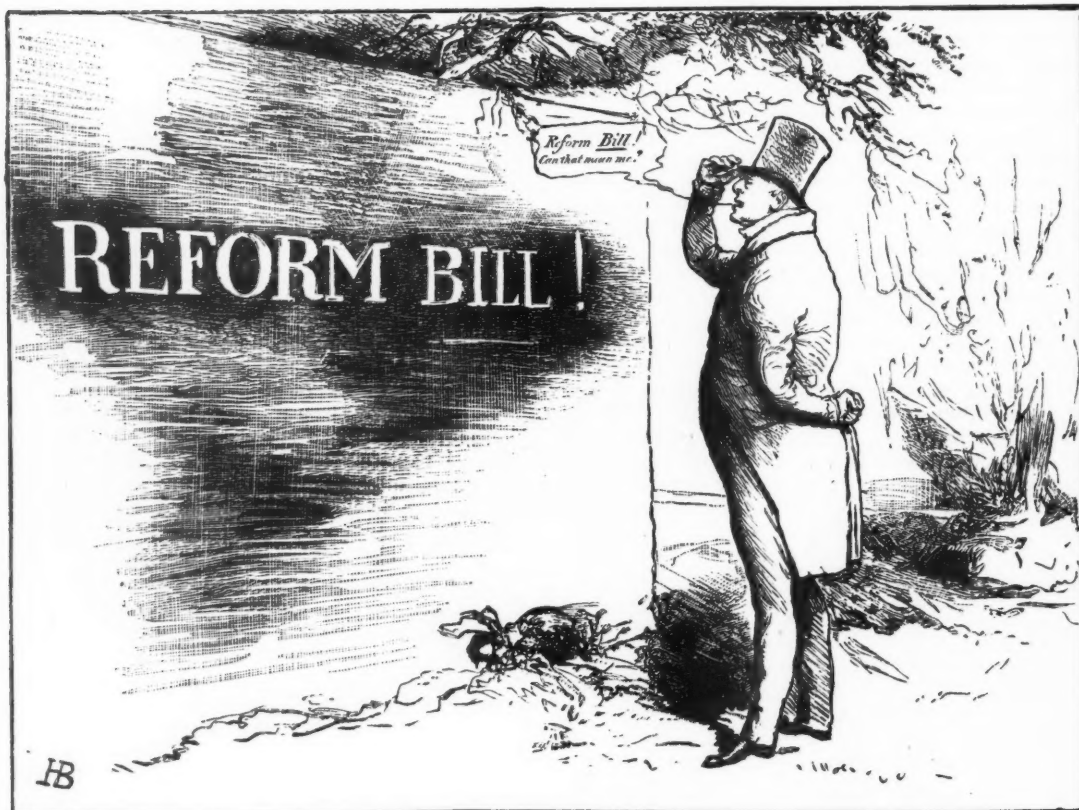
but they are used to pump up water from the wells, and not as there to drain the country. The flat, cultivated, treeless outlook was also fen-like, and Merced County has one further resemblance, inasmuch as it is a great coursing centre, the large Californian hares furnishing abundance of sport. But the holdings are somewhat more extensive, one ranch, extending ninety-seven miles, averages fifteen miles broad, and one of the ploughs used on it, the "Great Western," is drawn by a team of eighty oxen. We passed thousands of acres devoted to golden grain, much of which was already harvested and lying in bags in the open at the various depôts. On other ranches the triple process of reaping, thrashing, and transport was in progress. Little round-eyed owls, and innumerable hares and gophers, scampered over the stubbles. At Antioch the San Joaquin unites with the Sacramento in a stately river, belted with magnificent bulrushes, and marsh lands prolific in waterfowl. On the opposite side of the beautiful Bay of San Pablo is the town of Benicia; thence the track runs through Berkley, famous for its free university, and Oakland, on to a wharf two and a half miles long, built over the bay into the ferry depôt, whence a gold-painted, be-mirrored, and three-tiered steamer transfers you to the opposite shore. A cold breeze blows in from the Pacific across this almost landlocked Bay of San Francisco, the beauty of which is greatly overrated. In less than half an hour you reach the *Ultima Thule* of the Far West, the "bay-windowed" city of San Francisco, which runs up the steep sand hills of the long and narrow peninsula separating it from the Pacific Ocean, and faces the bay and the whole American continent.

AGNES CRANE.

SOME OF THE MEN OF THE GREAT REFORM BILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

I.



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

IT is fifty years since the period of the great Reform Bill, which, with one consent, is now regarded as the commencement of a new era in English history. Three sovereigns had passed to their tombs since the great Earl of Chatham had said, "If reform does not come from within, it will come, with a vengeance, from without." Almost an age had passed since his mighty son, William Pitt, had given, in his early days, his hearty sanction and support to the idea of a Reform Bill. George Canning, the then recently departed statesman, who, however strongly opposed to any measure for reform, seemed to mingle in the spirit of the old *régime* of statesmanship much of the breadth and vision of the rising order, had said that "those who resisted improvement because it was innovation, might find themselves compelled to accept innovation when it had ceased to be improvement." Now it was no longer a rumour or surmise; in very deed the appalling ogre was on the political platform. William IV was depicted as gazing wonderingly on the "handwriting on the wall." The conflict of opinion was sustained by men

whose names are historical, who represented genius the most lofty, lineage the most ancient, and, in many instances, aims the most impersonal and pure.

We propose to reproduce some of the historical caricatures of that time. Chief among them were the celebrated sketches of "H. B."—Mr. John Doyle, that is, the origin of his signature being the accidental junction of two I's and two D's (the latter placed one upon the other), so that the initials were thus duplicated.* Before presenting a brief account of the personages whom he portrayed, let us glance at the conditions out of which the movement arose. The younger generation have little conception of the tangled mass of abuses which had grown up in the inheritance of their forefathers.

If the entire phase of society in England was dark, that of Scotland was even far worse. In the year 1792 there were only a few hundreds of Parliamentary electors altogether in the entire kingdom of Scotland; as in England, the right of

* See "Leisure Hour," 1875, p. 727.

voting was unblushingly sold to, or bought by, the highest bidder. Few stories illustrate the state of things more affectingly than that of Thomas Muir, a gentleman, a barrister, originally intended for the Church of Scotland, but for his ready tact and powers of debate persuaded to devote himself to the Bar. He was a brilliant speaker; the friend, too, of many of the most distinguished ornaments of the Scottish Law Courts. Thomas Muir was no incendiary; he was, in every sense of the word, a high-principled and noble Scottish gentleman, yet for merely daring to advocate a measure of reform he was arrested, handcuffed, put in irons, tried, found guilty, sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, and to death, should he escape and return to England during that period. His venerable parents were only permitted to see him, before his transportation, after being searched before entering his cell. Upon the occasion, however, of their last interview, they were able to slip a small Bible into his hands. He was sent on board the hulks with a gang of the lowest criminals, but also with a minister, the Rev. Mr. Palmer, suffering and sentenced to the same cruel exile for the same crime. And so he proceeded to Botany Bay. Some of the greatest statesmen of the age denounced the sentence. Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons, declared it to be abhorrent to the principles of justice; Sheridan, also in the House, said, "I have seen these unfortunate victims (Muir and Palmer); I have visited them in those loathsome hulks, where they are confined amongst felons;" and, he continued, "if his Majesty's ministers dared to attempt to make the law of Scotland the law of sedition in England, they would find it a crime sufficient for the forfeiture of their own heads." Nothing, however, saved poor Muir and his friend. They wrote home delicious accounts of the lovely country, now known as Sydney, prophesying that it would soon be the region of plenty.

The character and genius of Muir, with the cruel sentence, arrested the attention of George Washington, then President of the States. He sent out the ship Otter to contrive the escape of the honoured but unfortunate convict and his companions, Palmer and Skirving, Margarot and Gerrald, convicted also, and sentenced to fourteen years transportation, for speaking at a reform meeting with him, if they would come. Alas! two of those companions were dying, but Muir effected his escape—effected his escape, however, only to fall a victim to many disastrous adventures and singular accidents by "flood and field." His life was saved as if by a miracle by the very Bible his parents had given him. By a series of strange circumstances he at last reached Spain; Napoleon sent a special messenger to Cadiz to give directions that every attention should be paid to him, and to see to his recovery from his wounds. He further demanded that he should be given up to France; Spain had meditated his transit to England, where he was fronted by the sentence of death. He reached Paris in safety, and was received with great honours, but retiring to the village of Chantilly, in six months he quietly breathed his

last. "The time will come," he said, "when my sentence will be reviewed by posterity." It has been again and again reviewed, and we only refer to this instance here and now for the purpose of pointing to the state of society where such a sentence, for such an action, was possible. A few years after, and the name of Muir was rung with admiration from one end of Scotland to the other; indeed, long before this, it had been pronounced with admiration and eulogy by Charles, afterwards Earl Grey, one of his great vindicators in the House of Commons. So, often, martyrs and witnesses of one age become the heroes and examples of another. Yet there were cases far worse than that of Muir; that of James Wilson was worse.

James Wilson was a very old man, apparently a very quiet man, he was a pious man; the extremity of his crime was that in some mild way he had spoken in favour of reform. He was found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to die. The amiable and excellent and Rev. Greville Ewing accompanied the calm and venerable prisoner to the scaffold. As he appeared 20,000 persons raised a loud cheer for him; then came groans and cries of "Murder! murder!" The body was scarcely dead when a muffled executioner advanced with the axe, struck off the head from the body, and held it up by the innocent grey hairs, exclaiming, "This is the head of a traitor," while the lingering and horror-stricken audience burst forth with exclamations of "Shame! shame! Murder! murder!" He desired before his death, and had been promised, that he should be buried in the churchyard of his native village of Strathaven, but when the relatives came to claim the body they found that it had been hurriedly interred in the paupers' burial-ground of the High Church, Glasgow. His daughter and his niece, Mrs. Ritchie, of Strathaven, determined to disinter the poor body and to fulfil the wish of the victim, and with a rare courage they did so. It was placed in a carriage, borne to Strathaven, and there interred—not as a traitor, a convict, or a criminal, but as an inoffensive, revered, and beloved native of the place. Great was the astonishment of the authorities of Glasgow when they discovered that this daring act of affection and obedience had been accomplished; but it was done, and there in the village of Strathaven the mortal remains of the murdered victim rest. Such are some of the indications of the state of political society giving grave intensity to those agitations and struggles which at last brought about the Reform Bill of 1832. These incidents, indeed, occurred in Scottish society, but the spirit of English society, if it did not express itself in circumstances so harrowing, teemed with abuses which demanded revision.

Our generation is almost unable to reach that point of view from whence, during the Reform Bill agitation, it seemed like an immense innovation and invasion upon all that appeared settled and ordered in English government. Alison, the historian, wrote a long paper in Blackwood's Magazine, describing the passing of the Reform Bill as the fall of the Constitution, asserting that

since the vast increase of its manufacturing industry old England was no more, and describing the immense increase of the manufacturing towns of Great Britain as one of the chief causes of the moral whirlwind in which we had since then been involved; he went on to say that the change had subverted in a great degree the ancient and stable equilibrium of the British empire. The words written then sound very wild now. Newspapers and the printing-press and general education came in for a full share of denunciation. "Printing," said Alison, "has extended to the whole people the passions of a mob, it has not given them a larger share of intellect." This eloquent but declamatory writer compared the passing of the Reform Bill to the Crusades and the French Revolution; he said "that of all delusions that had convulsed mankind it was the most extraordinary, and promised in its future consequences to be the most important." Horrors of the last and highest degree were prophesied as sure to result.

The magnitude and importance of the measure it was indeed impossible to overestimate. It was an opening up of the entire question of the Parliamentary Constitution. The changes brought about were immense, and they were necessary. As Lord Brougham truly remarks: "Towns formerly of importance had in the course of time decayed into insignificance, nay, some populous and wealthy places had become desolate and uninhabited, while all alike retained the privilege of being represented in Parliament; so that instead of the people of those places being represented, the remains of ruined houses alone sent members to the legislature." We shall presently illustrate the statement of Brougham. Earl Russell, in his very interesting introduction to the collected edition of his speeches and despatches, in which, not very long before his death, he reviewed the great events in which he had taken so considerable a share, presents some singular illustrations of the state of English representation which the Reform Bill rectified. He says: "One noble lord used to go out hunting followed by a tail of six or seven members of Parliament of his own making. Another, being asked who should be returned for one of his boroughs, named a waiter at White's Club, but as he did not know the man's Christian name, the election was declared void, and a fresh election was held, when, the name having been ascertained, the waiter was duly elected. The object of the borough-mongers, as they were called, was generally to buy up the freeholds or burgage tenures in a small borough, with a view to reduce the number of electors to a manageable number. If a freeholder or burgage-tenant refused to sell, it was not a very uncommon practice to blow up his house with gunpowder, and thus disfranchise a political opponent."

Old Sarum, or Old Salisbury, distant from that city about two miles, was a remarkable illustration. It once covered the summit of a high, steep hill, only part of the old foundation of the old castle was left; it retained the name and immunities of a borough; it contained neither house nor inhabitant, but it possessed municipal rights. It

had a nominal bailiff and burgesses, and it returned two members to Parliament. It was the property of the Earl of Caledon; he purchased it from Lord Camelford. On the day of the election for members his lordship nominated seven voters, and they returned the two members. This is one of those boroughs of which the great Earl Chatham spoke as the excrescences or rotten parts of the Constitution, and which he said must be amputated to save the body from mortification. In that curious collection of odd anecdotes, Mozley's "Reminiscences of Oriel," there is a memory of Old Sarum. Mozley had been called to read early prayers in the church of Stratford-sub-Castle, which included Old Sarum. The congregation consisted, he says, of some school children and a bright-looking old fellow with a full, rufous face, and a profusion of white hair. This old fellow, says Mr. Mozley, made it his boast that "he had been the borough of Old Sarum and had returned two representatives to Parliament for forty years, all honest men and gentlemen, not the sort of fellows they were sending to Parliament in these days." The borough of Grampound, in Cornwall, was another of these excrescences which excited no little indignation from the way in which the electors disposed of their suffrages. They created a great scandal, however, for although they had from time immemorial disposed of their votes without even the least knowledge of the representative they sent to Parliament, either his character or his qualifications, sometimes, certainly, receiving as much as three hundred guineas a man for their votes, there came a time when they quarrelled with the steward of Lord Mount Edgecomb, the patron of the borough. The steward would not pay them before voting, not being disposed to give credit in that transaction, so they went in a body and offered their votes to Lord Eliot. Ultimately things were all made pleasant, but this led to a motion in the House of Commons for the disfranchisement of Grampound long before the introduction of the Reform Bill. These are impressive instances, but far from singular.

Such was the state of English representation when, during the ministry of the Duke of Wellington, the rising power of the people without, and the sense of a large number of members of the legislature, demanded from the duke his opinion upon the question, and he declared in his place in the Lords that the constitution of the House of Commons was perfect, and that the wit of man could not have devised anything so good. In the light of the facts we are presenting, the words of the duke are worthy of being quoted: "I am thoroughly persuaded that England possesses at this moment a legislature which answers all the good purposes of a legislature in a higher degree than ever has been found to answer in any country in the world; that it possesses the confidence of the country, that it deservedly possesses that confidence, and that its decisions have justly the greatest weight and influence with the people. Nay, my lords, I will go yet further and say that if at this moment I had to form a legislature for this country, in possession of great

property of various descriptions, although perhaps I could not form one precisely such as we have, I would endeavour to produce something which would give the same results—namely, a representation of the people containing a large body of the property of the country, and in which the great landed proprietors have a preponderating influence." There was a visible dismay, says Earl Russell, over the whole House; even that calm and astute assembly, of which the great warrior was so distinguished and revered a member, exhibited signs of amazement, perturbation, and alarm. As well they might, for the country was upon the very edge of revolution! The duke in his turn was amazed, and whispered to one of his colleagues, "What can I have said to make so great a disturbance?" "You have only announced the downfall of your Government, that is all!" replied his clear-sighted colleague. And this was indeed the case, for the question of reform in the Commons was no longer to be trifled with. Sir Archibald Alison, in the closing passages of the essay to which we have referred, has a glowing eulogy upon the conduct of the duke and his unhesitating defiance of public opinion. Nor can we forbear an expression of admiration for his stolid magnanimity. He became, as our readers know, perhaps the most unpopular man in the nation for a season; his friends entertained fears for him, which the Iron Duke did not entertain for himself. A sense of innate chivalry forbade him to adopt any expedients for seclusion; he went about showing himself as usual, which led Sir Robert Peel to exclaim, "What shall we do with Wellington?"

It is remarkable that many writers, like Sir Archibald Alison, who regarded with horror the agitation for and passing of the Reform Bill, insisted upon the happy condition of the country, its universal and prosperous calm, until the ill-omened measure of reform produced unhappy disturbance and distress. One wonders in what remote retirement such writers could have secluded themselves. Many able and lengthy papers by Dr. Southey, contributed to the "Quarterly," and many similar papers of the same period in the "Edinburgh," tell a very different tale. Indeed, the prevalent distress was one of the great motives which urged on the agitation. The language of Lord Brougham in enforcing the claims of the measure on the House of Lords was very eloquent and impressive. "Those portentous appearances, the growth of later times, those figures that stalk abroad, of unknown stature and strange form, unions and leagues and musterings of men in myriads, and conspiracies against the exchequer—whence do they spring, and how come they to haunt our shores? What power engendered those uncouth shapes? what multiplied the monstrous births till they peopled the land? What power is that? Justice denied, rights withheld, wrongs perpetrated, the force which common injuries lend to millions, the wickedness of using the sacred trust of government as a means of indulging private caprice, the idiocy of treating Englishmen like the children of the South Sea islanders, the frenzy of believing, or making believe, that the adults of the nine-

teenth century can be led like children or driven like barbarians. This it is that has conjured up the strange sights at which we now stand aghast." In fact, the whole condition of affairs throughout the country was diseased, and Sir Robert Peel, the Home Secretary, confessed that he had no remedy to propose, that he knew not in what way to suggest an alleviation for the national distress. There was a good deal of madness in the country too. Wise old agricultural gentlemen studied in what way labourers might be enabled to maintain themselves and their families without putting their employers to the expense which a general rise of wages would involve, so they hit upon the notable expedient of framing a scale by which they gave so much to an unmarried labourer, so much to a labourer with one child, so much to a labourer with two children, and so on, till the allowance to a labourer with ten or twelve children was equivalent to a very high rate of wages. Thus, the individual labourer was paid, not according to the value of his strength or his skill as a labourer, but according to the number of his family, and pretty much without reference to the work he might perform. So the population of parishes increased, not in proportion to the demand for labour, but in proportion to the readiness of the farm labourers to take advantage of this perverted law to marry and to become paupers. The results of this soon became appalling. Earl Russell says that men boldly said to magistrates and farmers, "We will marry and you must maintain us." Those readers of this paper who have reached the years of the writer will remember how immediately before the passing of the Reform Bill the aspect of the whole country was ominous and dark. Through the western and southern counties large bodies of young men went about by night destroying thrashing-machines and setting ricks on fire. The heavens were constantly reddened from the deeds of these lawless depredators.

We need not doubt that the Duke of Wellington quite solemnly believed the doctrine he had so concisely announced of the perfection of the English House of Commons; but the mind desirous of being really enlightened as to the state of English representation in the House should consult the curious pages of Oldfield, spread over six volumes;* and it is remarkable as illustrating the generally unenlightened state of even liberal political opinion, that the "Edinburgh Review," in a lengthy paper on the constitution of Parliament, for which it took Mr. Oldfield's work as its text, expressed no sympathy with its great doctrine of the fair and equal representation of the people. And while it did not in any instance question the truth of the amazing extent to which purchase and bribery and corruption governed the election of members for the Commons, it expressed no condemnation, and not a word of desire for a change; indeed, both of the great political parties of the country—and there were

* "The Representative History of Great Britain and Ireland; being a History of the House of Commons, and of the Counties, Cities, and Boroughs of the United Kingdom, from the Earliest Period." 6 vols. by T. H. Oldfield. London. 1816.

then but two, in fact, the Whig and the Tory—were alike guilty of these transactions which our advanced public opinion has taught us to regard as discreditable. The doctrine of the Duke of Wellington was that upon which the Constitution of England had not been framed, but to which it had succumbed since the revolution under Charles II, that property alone had a claim to representation in Parliament.

There were flagrant instances, but they could scarcely be regarded as exceptional. Appleby excited considerable indignation. Appleby was in the possession of two rival proprietors, the Earl of Thanet and the Earl of Lonsdale. In that pleasant little borough pigsties were deemed freeholds, and purchased by the rival peers at prices exceeding all belief. Gatton, in Surrey, was another famous instance. This borough, returning its two members, consisted of six houses, but only one voter. Sir Mark Wood was the proprietor of the whole borough, the only freeholder; possessing the six houses, he occupied one and let out the other five to weekly tenants. Some circumstances seem wholly incredible. At Ilchester the chief proprietor, Sir William Manners, found himself outbid; a majority of the voters were purchased at thirty pounds a man to vote against Sir William. To prevent this tragedy occurring again he caused about a hundred houses to be pulled down, leaving about sixty, in order to limit the number of voters, and he erected a large workhouse, and most of those electors who had voted against him died in it; thus he transferred the nomination of the members from about one hundred and sixty householders to an individual. Orford, in Suffolk, was only a collection of a few miserable hovels, but it returned its two members. We told some time since the story of Bramber, in Sussex. Bramber Street appears to have contained nearly as many houses as now, but perhaps not so comfortable or respectable; it numbered twenty-two; it sent its two members, concerning one of whom, Asgill, we recited the mournful story of his expulsion from the House. Tintagel slept in its obscurity on the coast of Cornwall; the old castle of Arthur and its wild crags had not received the honours since conferred by poet and by painter, but it returned its two members for the large population inhabiting sixteen cottages, the entire of the inhabitants only representing two families, the proprietor the Earl of Mount Edgecomb. But these instances are enough, only that the archives which record these things constitute now a most amusing chapter in the romance of corruption, and a sad chapter in English history.

The prices of voters varied; sometimes an enormous sum was given for a vote, fifty and thirty pounds; even sometimes annuities to that amount. As in an eminent case, which excited considerable attention, in an election for Malmesbury in 1804, a Mr. Estcourt, the patron of the borough, increased the corrupt annuity to the capital burgesses to fifty pounds per annum each; and the barrister, in vindicating him, said, "that Mr. Estcourt, like a conscientious man, considered the value of money, that is, the comparative value of money at the time he became master of the borough, and that

of his predecessor, Mr. Wilkins, being the disposer of it, and with that feeling Mr. Estcourt raised the annuity from thirty pounds to fifty pounds a year. In this I do not blame Mr. Estcourt, but I should rather commend him, for things are dearer now than they were when his predecessor had the sale of this borough. We live in better times now than then, and why should not the price of men's vows or their conscience rise as well as any article in the market?" So that the passing of the Reform Bill must be really regarded as a great gain to morality of sentiment. Earl Russell tells, in one of his speeches, how he was met by the question as to what benefit he could hope to confer upon the people by the plan of reform; whether he expected to relieve the distresses of the people by that measure, or to leave them precisely as they were? And he wittily replied to the irrelevancy of the question—the person who put it desired to relieve the people by taking the duty off coals—"I might as well say," said Russell, "what signifies your reduction, it does nothing towards improving the Constitution." There are a couple of lines often quoted which carry a considerable amount of truth

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

But the lines are not true in politics, and there can be no doubt that upon the laws of a country and its government the morality and prosperity, the power and the intelligence, very materially depend.

There was another phase of electioneering life which passed away with the introduction of the Reform Bill, the length of time frequently occupied during elections. In boroughs, where the sway of a great landed proprietor was not quite so despotic and imperial as in those instances to which we have referred, an election would be protracted for many days, during which the free and independent electors were making up their minds for the yellow or the blue, which usually meant waiting for the highest bidder. This has often been the theme of satirists; and Bulwer Lytton, in his description of the conflict of the borough of Lonsmere, in "My Novel," "when the one hundred and fifty hesitators stood all in a row at the bottom of the town-hall, ready and waiting for the bid which should secure their free and independent votes," has not exaggerated the demoralised state and corruption of political society which grew out of that condition of things which gave the largest number of votes to the highest bidder, and which enabled the election to hold on; the hesitators sometimes under lock and key in some neighbouring public-house until the highest price turned the scale.

There is a passage in one of the works of the late Conservative Earl of Beaconsfield, in which, after a tolerably strong philippic upon the Reform Bill, he confesses, and the words were uttered thirty years since, "The indirect influence of the Reform Act has been not inconsiderable, and may eventually lead to vast consequences. It set men

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a-thinking; it enlarged the horizon of political experience; it led the public mind to ponder somewhat on the circumstances of our national history; to pry into the beginnings of some social anomalies, which they found were not so ancient as they were led to believe, and which had their origin in causes very different from what they had been educated to credit; and insensibly it created and prepared a popular intelligence to which one can appeal, no longer hopelessly, in an attempt to dispel the mysteries with which for nearly three

centuries it has been the labour of party writers to involve a national history, and without the dispersion of which no political position can be understood and no social evil remedied."

How happy when great changes are effected, not through the terrible ordeal of revolution, with its wild intervals of disorder, but are brought about notwithstanding the vehement agitations of contending interests in the hour of change, by mutual concessions resulting from wise and patriotic counsels.

THE LOST BROTHER OF TUYU.

A TRUE ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

"Death in his quiver hath no dart
Like that which pierced that band."

— *The Lost Sister of Wyoming.*

WHEN we note the rapid spread of civilisation, with all its complex organisations, its post-offices and police, it sometimes seems as if the days of romantic adventure were over, and that the Walter Scotts and Fenimore Coopers of the future will be driven back to draw on the resources of the past.

In reality, however, vast tracts of the world still contain all the elements of picturesque romance, one of which always lies in the juxtaposition of sharply contrasting states of society, such as the aristocratic lady-nurse in the hospital tent, the learned professor struck down by the wild Arab, the Christian household or the civilised community shedding struggling light amid vast surroundings of superstition or savagery. India, Africa, and the South Sea Islands all present these conditions of things to our view, but perhaps there is no more typical instance of them than is found in the vast continent of South America, where exists, in exaggerated dimensions, a state of social and political life which, in the conflicting interest of its varied races—Spanish ruler, British settler, and aboriginal Indian—the inefficiency and irregularity of its social organisations, and the juxtaposition of intelligence and ignorance, simple devotion and savage brutality, closely resembles the state of the more advanced countries in Europe in the time of the Plantagenets; and a South American newspaper—the "Standard" of Buenos Ayres—has just brought to this country an exciting history, which may almost pair with the story of Thomas à Beckett's Saracen mother following his Norman sire from land to land, with nothing to guide her but her love and her two English words, "Gilbert" and "London."

The province of Buenos Ayres competes with Australia for the rank of first sheep-farming country in the world. Many of the sheep "estancias," or estates, are stocked with upwards of 100,000 sheep. These are divided into flocks

of 2,000 or 3,000, and are managed by shepherds or farmed to tenants. The pastures of these sheep-farms consist of fine grasses, which in summer are protected from the scorching heat of the sun by forests of gigantic thistles. The rich owners of these estates usually reside in great style in one of the capital cities, while the native shepherds or labourers, called gauchos, live in wretched huts, of which the sides are plastered with mud, the roof is of reeds that grow in the lagoons, while the furniture consists of horses' and cows' heads used for seats, and a cowhide stretched on stakes, which serves for the family bed. Between these extremes, many estates possess farmers, frequently "Britishers," who pay rent to the estanciero, and employ the gaucho.

In this position some thirty years ago, in the thinly-populated district of Tuyu, was a worthy Scotchman, one Mr. Gilmour.

One morning, when very busy himself, he deputed his little son Daniel to give "a turn" to the sheep in the "camp," as the open country is always called, with no military significance whatever, but really with reference to the Latin root—"campus," a plain. Little Daniel was only seven years old, but he went to his task on horseback, South American children being, so to speak, born in the saddle.

After the boy had been gone a little while, there came on one of the sudden dense fogs which happen occasionally in that climate. But the father believed his son was not far away, and felt no alarm, until time passed by, and he did not return. Then he and others went in search of him. They found the sheep, but not the lad. Still they thought that his horse had strayed away in the fog, and that when it cleared up he would certainly be descried. For on those vast flat plains comparatively small objects can be seen a long way off, as at sea. But the mist did not clear

speedily, and their further search, even when carried to neighbouring farms and huts, proved equally fruitless.

Meantime Daniel was missed by his mother, who wondered why her boy had not brought in her morning cup of coffee, according to his usual habit. She was ill at the time, and so they tried to break the news of his loss to her as gently as they could, presenting every prospect and hope of his speedy restoration. But she divined the worst, and cried out that Daniel was gone, and that she feared she would never see him again.

A search party was quickly collected. Some went off to scour "the camps," others explored the immense sandhills on the coast. At last, on the beach, they found the tracks of two horses going southward. They followed these. Presently the boy's little "rebenque," or riding-whip, was found lying on the sand, and shortly after the horses' tracks vanished, the animals having evidently been directed inland among the loose and shifting soil of the hilly barrier. So they had to return, baffled, to the distressed parents, carrying with them, unlike Joseph's brethren, no sham proof of the lost one's death under the fangs of some wild animal, but strong circumstantial evidence that he had fallen into the power of some vindictive and relentless man.

Three days afterwards little Daniel's riderless horse came back to the house, and rolled itself beside the "palenque," or tying-posts. It was gearless and foaming, as if after a long journey.

It was presently suspected that the child had been kidnapped by a man named Gonzales, who had recently lived in the neighbourhood, and with whom Mr. Gilmour had had a quarrel. It was discovered that this man had disappeared from his usual haunts on the very day that Daniel Gilmour was lost. A woman who had been intimately acquainted with him gave such evasive answers to questions put to her, that no doubt of his guilt remained in Mr. Gilmour's mind. By what means Gonzales had secured this woman's secrecy it was impossible to ascertain; evidently it was not a willing secrecy. She came again and again to Mr. Gilmour's house, as if longing to unburden her mind, but some sudden recollection always seemed to check her at the point of revelation. The Gilmours offered to maintain her for the rest of her life if she would only tell them what she knew; but though she showed much emotion and manifest signs of a wish to yield, she still preserved her cruel secret. Presently this woman left the vicinity and took up her abode in the town of Dolores.

Of course the Government had been duly informed of the sad affair. The officials did their best, but nothing came of their inquiries. Once, indeed, they sent word to Mr. Gilmour that a man was in custody near Dolores for the suspected unlawful possession of a fair child. The Gilmours hurried to the spot, only to find that an amnesty issued by General Rosas, the arbitrary and usually bloodthirsty President of those days, had cleared all the prisons, and that the accused man and the little fair boy had been allowed to wander away nobody knew where.

Once or twice afterwards, vague rumours of a similar kind reached the Gilmours, but could never be traced or established, and served only to keep alive the parental sense of loss and longing. Once, indeed, the mother's heart must have leaped with lively hope. A message was brought from that silent woman, who had gone to Dolores. She sent word that she was dying, and wanted to see Mrs. Gilmour. The summons was instantly obeyed, but when the eager visitor reached Dolores the woman was already dead, without having had any opportunity of making her statement or confession. After that, we can imagine that the Gilmours' hopes waned very faint indeed.

Years passed on; the missing boy's brothers and sisters grew up. Something happened to one of them, Robert, which it afterwards occurred to him might have some reference to the lost one. Robert Gilmour, grown to be himself the manager of a large estate, was once walking in the streets of Buenos Ayres, when a stranger ran up to him, caught his hand, and, shaking it heartily, asked when he had come from Santiago. Robert Gilmour, surprised, answered that he had never been there, and had not the pleasure of knowing who addressed him. The stranger looked at him incredulously, said he must have made a mistake, begged pardon, and walked off. Afterwards Robert Gilmour asked himself, "Can he have known my brother Daniel, and have mistaken me for him?" But all clue was lost for the time.

It was found again in this wise. Six or seven years ago, the National Government of the Argentine Republic, desirous to protect its subjects from the invasions of the Pampa Indians, authorised the construction of sundry earthworks to extend some distance beyond the town of Azul, in the Bahia Blanca direction. This work employed a great number of men who worked under the supervision of the soldiers of the line, whose presence served at once to keep the peace and to guard the frontier.

Among these workmen was a negro, who had once stayed in Tuyu, but who does not seem while there to have heard of the Gilmour story, which must indeed have grown an old tragedy by this time. Presently he left his work and came back to Tuyu, and soon after some gossip of his reached the Gilmours. He said that while he had been on the works he had made acquaintance with one of the soldiers, who passed as a Spaniard, but had a very English look, and that when this soldier heard he was coming to Tuyu he commissioned him to try to find out whether any people in that place had ever lost a child, as he himself was sure he was not the son of his reputed father, but believed he had been stolen from an English family, and had some dim and misty notion that he could remember the name Tuyu as among the associations of his childhood.

When the negro was confronted by Mr. Robert Gilmour he recognised a great likeness between him and this soldier, and volunteered to accompany him in search of him—or even to go alone, and do his best to bring him back. Young Mr. Gilmour instantly resolved on the journey.

Sympathetic neighbours offered their horses and their help, and once more a party went out to search for Daniel Gilmour, much as they had searched for him on the misty morning of his disappearance.

It was a long and fatiguing journey. On reaching the town of Azul, Mr. Gilmour, the negro, and another companion resolved to pause a day or two and rest the horses. While there Mr. Gilmour was strongly advised not to attempt the further journey on horseback. He was warned that winter was approaching, that the animals would be sure to fail him, owing to the scarcity of pasture, and that he would be in great danger of encountering Indian marauders, in whose hands a wearied and enfeebled party would have little chance. The alternative suggested to him, was to leave his horses and attendants in the town, and to proceed himself by the diligence, or coach, which was just starting for the very point he wished to reach. On the other hand, the negro's counsel was at all risks to push on as they were. But Mr. Gilmour, much to his subsequent regret, listened to the advice of his fellow-countrymen. He took the coach. It proceeded satisfactorily for one day's journey, during which an incident occurred which must have filled Mr. Gilmour with the liveliest anticipations of approaching success. At one of the stations he observed an old officer looking at him with some interest, and evidently making observations concerning him to one of the officials. He found that the officer had been asking the man how he came to have a soldier of the line in his coach disguised as a civilian. The man had answered that this was no soldier of the line, but a Mr. Gilmour travelling on his own business. The coach had rolled on and the military man had gone his way, thinking, like the stranger in the streets of Buenos Ayres, that he had made a mistake!

On the second day's journey out of Azul towards the frontier a dire misfortune overtook the travellers. The coach utterly broke down, leaving the passengers with no alternative but to mount the coach-horses and return to town. On the road back the animal which Mr. Gilmour had mounted fell, and one of Mr. Gilmour's legs was severely fractured. With great difficulty he was carried into Azul, where he remained a helpless invalid for fully two months. Even at the end of that period he was little fit to continue a journey so fraught with uncertainty and peril, and it was deemed expedient that he should return home, which accordingly he did, but not before he had sent out to the frontier, by later and luckier diligences, full inquiries, which only brought back the information that the soldiers formerly stationed over the ditchers had recently shifted quarters a long way farther south, and that there was certainly no one in the neighbourhood now who answered to the description he had sent.

Once more the Gilmour family settled down, probably saying to each other that they would do well to abstain from pursuing a quest which seemed likely to cost them more instead of restoring what they had already lost. Still, they had now got one clue. Rightly or wrongly, it

was for a soldier in the line they were searching, and he was certainly more within the grasp of inquiry than a nameless, homeless wanderer of the "camps." The Gilmours had influential friends with military connections. By their aid a photograph of Mr. Robert Gilmour and a detailed account of the whole matter was forwarded to the army headquarters.

Old Mrs. Gilmour herself waited upon the commander of a contingent just returned from the frontier. She told her story, but he assured her that no such person as she described was among his men now. He suspected that the negro's narrative was a pure fabrication, based, like that of so many "claimants," on the fact of the Gilmours' misfortune. Still he was anxious to do everything in his power to satisfy the old lady. He called his men out, formed them into line, and allowed her and the friend who accompanied her to examine their countenances, one by one, to see if they could detect any family likeness. We can imagine the beating of the mother's heart, but, with the characteristic dry humour of her race, she could remark that "The men maun ha' wondered what the twa auld women were wantin', walking up an' doon an' glowering i' their faces." She could see nothing which she could even imagine to be a family resemblance, and before she went away the captain, while assuring her that he would be always ready to do anything he could to help her, warned her that, even admitting the truth of the negro's story, her son might since have fallen in some of the severe frontier skirmishes which had recently taken place between the troops and the Indians.

The next news which the family heard was that a man answering the description they had issued had been seen near Bahia Blanca, and that he reported himself as having once been a soldier on the frontier. But this rumour reached them through a person of so disreputable a character that they utterly disregarded it, doubtless feeling that their bereavement was in danger of making them a prey to storytellers and adventurers of the worst description.

But not long after, another story came from Bahia Blanca, and this one was promulgated by an entirely trustworthy person, a Mr. Thomas Nicholson, manager of one of the largest estancias in the country. He narrated that during one of his visits to the town he had had occasion to enter a store where some acquaintances of his were congregated, together with a few strangers. One would like to know what it was that directed their conversation into the channel where it presently flowed. That group of rough, hardy men, most of them from far countries, began talking about their fathers and mothers and the memories of their early days. One said that his parents were dead; another that it was so long since he had heard of his that he could not tell whether they were still living. Suddenly one interrupted these half-regretful, wholly-pathetic reminiscences by a hint of a wilder romance than what lay beneath most of the stories of human recklessness and folly, of hard necessity, or bitter loneliness. He said he did not know who his father

and mother were; he had been stolen away on a foggy morning while he was minding sheep. Sometimes he thought he could remember a man and a woman and two children, but he could hardly tell whether even this might not be fancy.

Now Mr. Nicholson had heard of the Gilmour tragedy, and he had seen some members of the family. Looking carefully at the stranger, he thought he could trace some Gilmour lineaments. So he improved his acquaintance with the man, whom he found to be of good character but quite uneducated. If he had ever known English he had totally forgotten it, speaking only the Spanish *patois*. Nevertheless, as Mr. Nicholson got to know more of his past history, he found that it tallied with the Gilmour story, and with the later reports of the negro from the frontier. So he deemed it advisable, while keeping his eye on the man, to communicate with the Gilmours.

The man called himself José Ignacio Gonzales. This was the name of the man who had disappeared at the same time as little Daniel Gilmour, and who had been always suspected of his abduction. His account of himself was that when he was taken away his captor led his horse beside his own for one day, then let it loose, and took him before him on his own, and went on night and day towards the Upper Provinces. During the journey he was half starved and frequently beaten. He said he knew he spoke another language at that time, but whenever he used a word of it he was whipped, so that he soon discontinued and forgot it. For eight years he lived a life of literal slavery in the hands of the man Gonzales, who generally passed as his father. At this time, however, he was killed in a tavern brawl, and his unfortunate victim recalled that he had heard the news with a sensation of intense relief. But he did not long enjoy his personal freedom. Being then about sixteen years of age, he was pounced upon by the army commission. His previous hard experiences made his life in the army seem easy and pleasant, and he remained a soldier of the line for fourteen years, and it was perfectly true that he had been among the troops on guard at the frontier works.

It appeared that if Mr. Robert Gilmour had persevered in following his negro guide's advice, and had not stopped at Azul and changed his course of travelling for one which proved abortive, he would then have found his brother exactly where the negro had indicated. As it was, however, seemingly actually while Robert Gilmour lay at Azul, interrupted and invalided, the Indians made one of their great raids on the frontier territory, and the company to which the lost brother belonged was sent in pursuit of them. They overtook them, carrying off much cattle. There was a fight, and many Indians were killed. Again, the sudden fog, which had already played so direful a part in this history, fell upon the scene. The lost brother and another soldier were separated from their comrades, and presently found themselves surrounded by a party of Indians infuriated by their defeat and by the slaughter of their brethren. The other soldier was speedily dispatched, but the lost brother was reserved for

cruel, mocking torture, under which he at last succumbed, and fell to the ground as dead, bearing on his body upwards of thirty wounds.

When the fog cleared off the company came back to search for the missing soldiers. They found both, as they believed, dead. They buried the one where he lay, dug another hole for the other beside him, and went off to fetch the body, which was at some little distance from the spot where they had made the grave. They threw it over the back of a horse, the legs dangling at one side, the head at the other. Probably the rush of blood to the head caused by this position did something towards exciting those signs of life which presently arrested their attention. Further examination convinced them that in this instance they had not to deal with a dead man, and they carried him to the nearest house, one of their own fortifications. There, to the astonishment of all, he gradually recovered. For two months—possibly the same two months that his brother lay sick and maimed at Azul—he continued more helpless than a child. When he did recover, it was with a ruined constitution. He got his discharge from the army, and fell into the hands of good people. How much goodness there is in the world, in most unlikely places, only seen and only acknowledged by God! They nursed him back into the best health possible to him, and then found him employment among themselves. We may add that these good Samaritans were Basques—that is, emigrants from the Pyrenean provinces. These Basques are always reported by experienced South American settlers to be among the most desirable population of the country—honest, sober folk, good workers, and kindly neighbours.

When at last Mr. Nicholson told José Ignacio Gonzales that he was sure he was the lost Daniel Gilmour, and that the rest of the Gilmour family were also convinced of the fact, and were only waiting to welcome and receive him, the lost brother became the prey of strange emotions. Those bitter years had left their stamp upon him. How could he, a half-barbarian, make a fit place for himself in a civilised Scottish family? Doubtless there had been many longings in his heart all those years, but now in the hour of their fruition he felt that they were for something which might have been, but could not yet be.

He went back to his childhood's home. Two gentlemen—a relative and a friend—went to fetch him. The old father and mother were watching at the door, and recognised him as he came up the street. The three met in silent tears. In that moment of strong emotion there was no need for words. It was well, for the mystification of Babel had come between parent and child; and when at times the old people, forgetful of all that had intervened, addressed their restored boy in their own vernacular, he looked up distressed and bewildered, not knowing how to answer.

There is nothing to add to such a story as this. A thousand suggestions may spring from it concerning those mysteries of parting and waiting and meeting again, both in life and death, of which all our histories are full.

I. F. M.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

THE prettily-situated parish of Kirkliston, formerly styled Temple Liston, is partly in the county of Linlithgow and partly in that of Edinburgh, the River Almond forming the boundary between the two counties.

Tradition asserts that at a remote period a large tract of the surrounding country belonged to a distinguished family of the name of Liston,* which



KIRKLISTON CHURCH.

circumstance gave rise to the name of the parish and district, while, according to a local antiquary, Liston in Gaelic signifies an enclosure on the side of a river, hence the origin of Liston.

The manor of Liston was granted in the twelfth century to the Knights of the Temple, and from this period it was known as Temple Liston, the possessions of the Hospitallers and Templars being termed Temple and Hospital lands. Their successors, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, enjoyed this manor, with the exception of New Liston,† till the Reformation, when Sir James Sandilands, the chief of the Order of St. John, acquired the vast estates of that opulent Order as a temporal lordship. The word "Kirk" was prefixed to Liston in the sixteenth century to distinguish the kirk town from other places within the parish bearing the name of Liston.

The church of Liston was in early times of great value, and in the ancient Toxatio was rated at seventy marks. The church, with the vicarage, the mill, and most of the adjacent lands, called the manis, or demesne, and kirk lands of Kirkliston were granted to the Bishop of St. Andrews, though when bestowed is uncertain.

Liston was formed into the seat of the regal jurisdiction which the Bishop and his successors acquired over their estates on the southern side of the Forth. It was originally a rectory. Prynné tells us that in July, 1296, William de Kinghorn, the rector of Kirkliston, swore fealty to Edward I of England, and thereupon obtained a warrant for the recovery of his property; and Rymer, that William Hubert, or Hundibit, the rector of Liston, travelled into England attended by six horsemen. In 1406 and 1409 Andrew de Howick, a canon of Dunkeld, was rector of Kirkliston and secretary to the Regent Albany, whose charters he witnessed. Niddrie Castle, to which Queen Mary was conveyed by Lord Seton on her escape from Lochleven Castle, once stood in the parish of Kirkliston, and the baron of the castle was of old the hereditary bailie of the ecclesiastical regality of the parish. In the reign of David I Alexander Seton granted to Ada Forrest two ploughs of land in the town of Niddrie in Linlithgowshire.

A perpetual vicarage appears to have been established for the cure of the church, while the parsonage was enjoyed by the Archbishop of St. Andrews as a mensual benefice. In 1593 the Parliament passed an Act for dissolving the parsonage and the vicarage of Kirkliston.

During the reign of James VI Kirkliston, as belonging to the Archbishop of St. Andrews, was attached to the presbytery of Dunfermline,* with which it continued till episcopacy was abolished in 1670, when it fell to the King.

The parish church, which is said to have been built in the twelfth century, occupies an elevated situation on the northern bank of the Almond, and commands a fine and extensive view. In the south side of the building there is an arched



KIRKLISTON FROM THE RIVER.
(From a Sketch by Mrs. J. H. Jackson.)

doorway exhibiting a beautiful specimen of Saxon architecture. This ancient edifice underwent

* A Simon de Liston, a tenant of the Bishop of St. Andrews, in West Lothian, was one of those who swore fealty to Edward I in 1296.

† Dundas of Craigton obtained New Liston in 1543, and his descendants held it till after the Revolution, when it was carried into the family of Dalrymples by Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir John Dundas, who married the second Viscount Stair.

* In a roll of the churches within the diocese of St. Andrews, 1683, Kirkliston is mentioned as being in the presbytery of Dunfermline.

complete repair in 1822, and is now being restored and added to at a cost of £4,000.

While the quaint old tower, from which

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

and Saxon doorway of Kirkliston Church attract thither the antiquarian and the artist, a door a little to the right of the latter, and surmounted by a Latin inscription (VIRTUTE . DECET . NON . SANGVINE . NITI .), excites a yet deeper interest in the breasts of those over whom the genius of Sir Walter Scott exercises its magic spell, for it communicates with the Stair family vault, where lie the remains of the Hon. Janet Dalrymple—the Lucy Ashton of "The Bride of Lammermoor."

Sir Walter's well-known tale is founded on the sad story of the marriage which followed upon the contract recently discovered at St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, who represents the family of the Dunbars of Baldoon, an ancient estate in Wigtownshire, now the property of the Earl of Galloway, to whom it was sold in 1793.

David Dunbar the younger, of Baldoon, married Janet Dalrymple, eldest daughter of the celebrated James, Viscount of Stair, Lord President of the Court of Session. The young lady had privately engaged herself to Lord Rutherford, the distant relative and heir of Andrew Rutherford, Earl of Teviot, and was forced by her mother to discard him on account of his political principles, or want of fortune, for the successor to the rich and extensive lands of Baldoon, in the south of Scotland—the ivied ruins of whose ancient tower are still to be seen close to the farmhouse of that name.

To this tower, according to tradition, David Dunbar led his unwilling bride, and there occurred the terrible tragedy which forms the groundwork of Sir Walter's thrilling tale. The Earl of Selkirk, as the representative of the Dunbars of Baldoon, is in possession of the family papers, and it was amongst these that he accidentally discovered the marriage contract previously alluded to. There are four signatures attached to it, namely, those of David Dunbar (the bridegroom), Janet Dalrymple (the bride), James Dalrymple (bride's father), Baldoon (bridegroom's father). One of the witnesses, James Dalrymple, would most probably be the bride's brother, who rode before his sister to church, and who afterwards said that her hand, which lay in his as she held her arm round his waist, was as cold and damp as marble. Judging, however, from the facsimile taken from the document, there is little evidence of agitation in the bride's signature.

The ill-fated young lady survived her marriage little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of August, 1667, and dying on the 15th September in the same year. The bridegroom was killed by a fall from his horse as he rode between Leith and Holyrood House on 28th March, 1682; while his unfortunate rival, Lord Rutherford, of whom mention is again made in

connection with the prosecution of a Captain Rutherford, who sought to establish a claim on the estate of his lordship's brother, the second lord, by means of forged documents, died childless in 1685.

The celebrated John, Earl of Stair, field-marshal of his Majesty's forces, a nobleman alike distinguished in the field and in the Cabinet, inherited from his mother the beautiful estate of Newliston,* now the seat of Thomas Alexander Hog, Esq., where he resided for twenty years subsequent to his recall from his embassy at Paris in 1720. The extensive pleasure-grounds of Newliston were laid out and planned by him, the trees being grouped, it is said, in exact resemblance of the array of the British troops on the eve of the battle of Dettingen.†

In consequence of the Earl of Stair having his residence in the parish, Kirkliston Church became the burial-place of the family. The coffins of the deceased Dalrymples were brought thither from Wigtownshire, amongst others that of the hapless bride of Baldoon.

In Chambers's "Domestic Annals of Scotland" the following singular incident is given in connection with the interment of Dame Margaret—the Lady Ashton of Sir Walter's novel:—

"1692. In this year died the Viscountess Stair—born Margaret Ross of Balniel, in Wigtownshire—the wife of the ablest man of his age and country, and mother of a race which has included an extraordinary number of men of talent and official distinction. The pair had been married for nearly fifty years, and they were tenderly attached to the last."

Lady Stair is admitted to have been a woman of a soaring mind, of great shrewdness and energy of character, and skilled in the ways of the world; and to these qualities on her part it was perhaps partly owing that her family prospered so wonderfully. The public, however, had such a sense of her singular power over fortune as to believe that she possessed necromantic gifts and trafficked with the evil one. An order which she left at her death regarding the disposal of her body helped to confirm the popular notion. She desired that she might not be put underground, but that her coffin should stand upright on one end of it, promising that while she remained in that position the Dalrymples should continue to flourish. What was the old lady's motive for the request, or whether she really made such a promise, I shall not take upon me to determine; but it is certain that her coffin stands upright in the aisle of the church of Kirkliston.

* Edward I of England, when marching to Falkirk, where he defeated the Scottish troops on the 22nd July, 1298, lay for some time with his army close to Kirkliston, where it remained, and the field in which, according to tradition, the king's tent was pitched is immediately to the south-west of the village on the property of Newliston.

† A distinguished agriculturist of the name of Dalziel came to the parish of Kirkliston, at the express desire of the Earl of Stair, to superintend the improvement of his estate. Under his direction the mode of ploughing in common use in the Low Countries, viz., by two horses or oxen, was adopted on his lordship's property, instead of the old Scotch fashion of ploughing by means of six, eight, or twelve oxen; and for the first time in Scotland cabbages, potatoes, and turnips were planted in the fields of Newliston.

MRS. MACWHIRTER'S RECIPE-BOOK.

MRS. MACWHIRTER was the wife of a Scotch merchant who, by the exercise of that prudence and thrift for which his countrymen have become proverbial, was able to put by a snug little fortune, and to leave his widow in possession of a comfortable jointure, a houseful of substantial, old-fashioned furniture, and sundry treasures in the way of plate and china, which caused her female friends and acquaintances to pronounce her with one voice a lucky woman.

Mrs. MacWhirter herself no doubt thought so too. Only fifteen years ago she had been an elderly spinster, living with a still more elderly aunt, and with no prospect but the slender resources which the said aunt might or might not eventually leave her. Bearing in mind the uncertainty that attaches to the promises of old age, Miss Warly did not waver long when a suitor, welcome as a winter rose, arrived in the shape of Mr. MacWhirter, who was struck by the eminently genteel appearance of the lady at an evening party. This was at the little watering-place on the south coast where the Warlys lived, and which they fondly imagined to be one of the liveliest and most fashionable localities in the kingdom, for Mrs. Warly, whose husband had been a local magnate, knew a good many people, and tea-drinkings and festive meetings were frequent in her set. When Mr. MacWhirter, hailing from the dull northern town, came with his proposal Mrs. Warly scornfully asked her niece how she would bear the loss of "society," and did not scruple to call the place of her future residence a "bread and cheese cupboard." The breach caused by this sarcastic remark was never healed, and when two years later the old lady died the MacWhirters were not at all surprised to hear that she had left the whole of her little property to some public institution.

Although Mrs. MacWhirter had carried things with a high hand at the time of her marriage and had affected to despise the wrathful feelings it excited in her aged relative, that unlucky speech hit the mark, and unconsciously affected her opinion of Drunkirk. She used to speak to her new friends in tones of gentle resignation of the festivities she had foregone for the sake of—of Mr. MacWhirter, and to picture in glowing colours the constant round of elegant entertainments and the atmosphere of refined gaiety which pervaded life at Darcon-by-Sea.

The inhabitants of Drunkirk listened, and wondered, and admired to her heart's content, and never even owned to each other how inexpressibly bored they felt at her occasional ceremonious tea-parties (when all the best silver and china were solemnly marshalled before the guests) lest it should be suspected they were unaccustomed to good society.

On the death of her husband, Mrs. MacWhirter decided to leave Drunkirk. Her heart, as she expressed it, turned to the haunts of her youth, where it was generally supposed she had been of

some importance, and would now shine as a star of the first magnitude in virtue of her matronly dignity and desirable possessions. So the effects of the late merchant were removed from the dingy house in the little Scotch town to an imposing stuccoed residence, one of many other stuccoed residences, in Bellevue Terrace, Darcon-by-Sea.

And did Mrs. MacWhirter forthwith plunge into those social joys for which her soul had yearned when they were out of her reach? By no means. Inconsistent as it may appear on the part of that estimable lady, truth compels me to own that within two years of her arrival at the stuccoed residence—Drunkirk House, she called it, as a compliment to the memory of her husband, and because it sounded well—so soon, indeed, as the business of fitting the old-fashioned furniture in its new quarters, and the distraction of buying fresh carpets and curtains, and arranging them to the best advantage, were things of the past, Mrs. MacWhirter settled down into an existence the chief excitement of which was a visit from one of her nieces. What she now bewailed was not so much the loss of society as its degeneracy. Where were the delightful *réunions*, where was that charming sociability, that open-handed hospitality she remembered of old? Darcon had grown bewilderingly large and frightfully vulgar. The people she knew in her maiden days had died, or left the place, or were represented by flippant young descendants, who looked upon her as quite belonging to an ancient *régime*. The assembly-rooms were forgotten, and a monster hall occupied their site—a hall where concerts and all manner of entertainments were given; but where Mrs. MacWhirter, although she wore her handsomest trinkets, and the China *crêpe* shawl which Mr. MacWhirter's mother had considered a priceless possession, was simply one of the crowd. After that the widow discovered the falling-off in society before mentioned; and it was of course this, and not, as ill-natured people suggested, the infirmities of age, which induced her to retire into the privacy of home, and find her chief delights in her afternoon siesta, her knitting, and her recipe-book.

The recipe-book was a great hobby. Two or three hundred recipes, all copied out in the finikin running-hand so fashionable half a century ago. Proudly turning the pages of this monument to her neatness and housewifery, I am inclined to think there were moments in which Mrs. MacWhirter considered herself the veritable author of the work that furnished her with unending topics of conversation when Miss Keith, her companion, had exhausted the daily paper and sat sewing by the dining-room fire.

"Ah!" she would say, having brought out the book under pretence of finding those directions for beef olives cook would want to-morrow, "here is the recipe I got from Mrs. Woodard's house-

keeper. That was the place, my dear, for comfort and plenty; everything of the best, and to spare. Such stylish people, too! how well I remember at the dinner-party given when their son came of age," etc., etc. Or, "There is Captain Wynne's own particular way of making an Indian curry. The first time I tried it was when we expected Colonel and Mrs. Armitage; the colonel paid me such a pretty compliment on my success, and poor Mrs. Armitage—did I ever tell you about Mrs. Armitage?—she was highly connected—cousin to Sir Peter Green."

Miss Keith knew the stories by heart, having heard them times out of number, but she listened with unflinching patience, and had always a smile and a kindly look in her soft brown eyes to cheer the lonely life that found its only solace in trivial recollections.

You may be sure the two nieces, who had a much greater esteem for their aunt as Mrs. MacWhirter than they had entertained for her as Miss Warly, paid every respect to the recipe-book. They were both of them middle-aged married ladies with families, and they both lived within easy distances of Darcon. Mrs. Kemp's husband farmed some land five or six miles off, and when she came into the town it was in her own carriage, for Mr. Kemp kept a dogcart, a waggonette, and a high-stepping horse. Mrs. Kemp often made a point of calling at Bellevue Terrace, and bringing some little offering to her "dearest aunt." A few fresh eggs, a pot of cream, or, in the shooting season, a brace or two of partridges were frequent testimonies of her affection; and in return she declared herself amply repaid by the occasional permission, duly asked and graciously accorded, to copy some choice recipe from the much-prized book, or to refer for a moment to its invaluable stores. Georgie had sprained her ankle, and Mrs. Kemp knew there was a liniment given on page six. Tom had heard her say Aunt MacWhirter had a recipe for tomato catsup, and was certain it would prove the best that could be got. The other niece, not to be behindhand, seldom wrote without asking some important question that set Mrs. MacWhirter poring over her treasure.

"Mrs. Lacy wants to know how long that economical soup is to simmer," she would explain to Miss Keith. Or, "Mrs. Lacy cannot quite remember the proportions of the seed-cake—she has the good sense to understand the worth of these simple hints in a large family." And between her admiration of Mrs. Lacy's economy (it was her favourite virtue) and her appreciation of Mrs. Kemp's attentions, which inclined her to condone more readily that lady's extravagancies, she was sorely exercised as to the respective merits of her two nieces; while now and then a shrewd suspicion crossed her mind that for genuine disinterested feeling and real single-hearted sympathy she might look to either in vain.

At such times Maggie Keith would be startled by a profound sigh from her patroness, and glancing up would occasionally see the dowager's sharp eyes fixed upon her with a softer expression than they usually boasted. Perhaps that was not to be wondered at; Maggie's trim figure was very

pretty, and her kind face pleasant to look upon; Mrs. MacWhirter had found it so many a night last winter when it bent tenderly over her sick-bed during a sharp attack of bronchitis.

Mrs. Kemp and Mrs. Lacy had of course been unremitting in their inquiries and calls at that time. Everything that could be done for the sufferer (without absolute personal inconvenience) they did. Mrs. Lacy came and stayed several days, and read serious books to the invalid in a solemn voice, and spoke in loud whispers, and seemed in a perpetual state of fuss. Mrs. Kemp brought fruit and little delicacies, and shook her head ominously, and hoped it was not a breaking up of the constitution. Miss Keith meanwhile fulfilled the minor offices of the sick-room, sat up at night, was always at hand to give medicine or beef-tea, to smooth the heated pillow, and meet the restless peevishness of the patient with cheery words of comfort and hope; all of which was no more than right, seeing, as they remarked, she was paid for her services. Ah! ladies, there are some services that cannot be paid for in any coinage of gold and silver; and the services Maggie rendered—hearty, womanly services, prompted by purest pity for all things suffering and weak—were surely such.

That illness left its mark upon Mrs. MacWhirter, and was destined also to influence greatly Miss Keith's after life. The little figure moving noiselessly about the darkened chamber, like a stray sunbeam accidentally shut in, had somehow become associated in John Raymond's mind with his ideal of a wife, and it is an open question whether the assiduous attention which so charmed the patient during her convalescence was altogether due to professional interest on the part of the young doctor. Though she was no longer regarded as an invalid, he still claimed the privilege of making a friendly call, "just to see that she was taking care of herself." Indeed it was quite a wonder if a week went by without his knock resounding through the silent house, making that foolish Maggie start and flush. Her nerves had been a little shaken by confinement you see.

Mrs. MacWhirter was not an observant woman, but she could not fail to have an inkling of the small romance that was being enacted under her nose. It did not disturb her. If it had been likely to result in a speedy wedding, and the consequent loss of Miss Keith's services, that would be different. But John Raymond was only assistant to Dr. Marshall, and Maggie did not possess a penny. There could be no thought of marriage yet, and meanwhile these chance visits afforded a pleasant break in the monotony of the week, paid, as they were, ostensibly to her.

Yes, the weeks had become monotonous even in lively Darcon. That last touch of bronchitis had told Mrs. MacWhirter a truth she had been slow to learn—had shown her that the evil days were come, and the years when she should say, "I have no pleasure in them."

One morning, as she sat by the fire trifling with her knitting, Mrs. Kemp came in.

"My dearest aunt, not out this fine day?"

Mrs. MacWhirter shook her head. "The air is

too keen, and—and, you know, Selina, I am not so young as I was."

"Now that is all nonsense!" said Selina, briskly—she knew that age was a tender point. "Miss Keith, you really must not let my aunt imagine she is old and worn out. She only wants rousing, poor dear; and I shall take tickets for the concert on Tuesday, and expect you both to go with us."

But Mrs. MacWhirter professed indifference to the concert, and the affectionate niece tried another tack, and asked to be allowed to look at a certain recipe for cheese-cakes.

"I sometimes wonder," said Mrs. MacWhirter, when the manuscript book was produced, "who will have this when I am gone."

"Dear aunt, what a gloomy thought!" cried Mrs. Kemp.

"Of course," pursued Mrs. MacWhirter, "the bulk of my property goes back to my husband's family, but there are a few little tokens of affection I can leave to those dear to me."

Mrs. Lacy sighed, and said nothing, but she rapidly reviewed in her mind's eye the contents of the house, and thought it would be odd if a few substantial tokens were not forthcoming.

"I should like some one to have it who would value it," said Mrs. MacWhirter, still harping on the book. "I sometimes fancy that you, Selina—"

"Indeed, dearest," murmured Selina, wiping her eyes, "since you will pursue this melancholy theme, I may say there is nothing of yours I should treasure more highly than this work of your own hands;" and as Mrs. Kemp uttered that deliberate fib the memory of the best silver tea-service, safely reposing upstairs in cotton wool, and a momentary tremor lest her aunt should take her at her word, gave just the amount of agitation to render the speech effective.

After she was gone Mrs. MacWhirter sat brooding by the fire, the shining knitting-needles lying idle in her lap. "Is it real?" she muttered; "or is it all talk, I wonder?"

Here followed a long soliloquy, at the end of which her ponderings took a practical turn, and, with something of her former determination, she got her desk and wrote a note making an appointment with her old friend Mr. Inkerman, the lawyer.

During the next fortnight this gentleman had many interviews with his client. They were, of course, strictly private and confidential. Maggie, returning from some outdoor mission which Mrs. MacWhirter had suddenly announced to be urgent, would find him on the point of leaving, after what Martha, the housemaid, called a "regular confab." Which it's my belief she's altering her will," added the astute Martha.

"Very likely," responded Miss Keith, absently, thinking how well Mr. Raymond handled Dr. Marshall's pair of grey cobs, and how pleasantly he smiled at her when she met him just now on the parade.

Supposing Martha to be right in her conjecture, the widow made her alterations none too soon. The bright October days which rendered Maggie's impromptu walks so agreeable gave place to a

spell of dreary, tempestuous weather. Mrs. MacWhirter caught cold, and renewed the bronchitis. This time her old enemy held her in a deadly clutch, not to be relaxed for all the efforts of Dr. Marshall and his assistant, and, reading the truth in their faces, the old lady summoned her nieces to her bedside.

"My time is come," she said, in her weak, hoarse voice; "and you will find when I am gone I have not forgotten you. There will not be much, for you know my income is an annuity. With regard to one of my most valued possessions, I should like to give it you before I die, and to feel you are of my opinion that, after all Miss Keith has been to me, I am doing right in making over a third part to her."

Here was a state of affairs! The valued possession must mean the plate, and might even include the linen and china. Blank consternation and tumultuous wrath, fortunately for the ladies, kept them silent, or it is more than probable some indignant protest might have ousted them from their relative's good graces for ever. Before, however, they had time to recover themselves Mrs. MacWhirter explained herself further.

"Just give me that parcel, Selina. I have had my recipe-book divided into three portions. I know how highly you appreciate my collection of recipes, and I am free to confess that whatever else I may leave, I regard the gift of it as the highest token of my love and esteem. Still I do not apprehend you will feel hurt if in this matter I put my faithful companion on a level with yourselves, and I fancy you will agree with me that it is a fitting recognition of her services."

"How wise, how kind of you!" murmured the relieved hearers. "Such a mark of approbation will be worth so much to her in her next place," observed Mrs. Lacy. And then Miss Keith was called, and the three books were distributed, and Mrs. MacWhirter, as she gave Maggie a kiss, said, "You *will* value it and use it for my sake, won't you?" And Maggie answered, "Indeed I will, dear;" and bent down and kissed the withered cheek, and carried her gift away, putting it tenderly in her drawer with something of the same feeling which leads us to place among our best treasures the simple toy of the child we loved.

Mrs. Kemp forgot hers, and Miss Keith finding it in the dining-room, posted it to her next morning. The packet was followed a day or two later by a black-edged letter, which told of Mrs. MacWhirter's death.

The disconsolate relations attended the funeral, racked by painful doubts as to the contents of the document to be read by Mr. Inkerman after the cold collation awaiting the mourners had been discussed.

The division of the recipe-book argued a touch of eccentricity which might prove to have found wider scope in the will; and the two who considered themselves the rightful claimants of the dead woman's property eyed Miss Keith somewhat distrustfully, uncertain whether they would be called upon to acquiesce in another proof of their aunt's gratitude. They breathed more freely when they found Maggie's name was only down

for a legacy of nineteen guineas, and rather bewildered the poor girl (who had been quite unconscious of their suspicions) by changing their chilling demeanour for one of the greatest cordiality.

Mrs. Kemp even asked her to come to Park Farm on a visit. She knew Maggie was quick at her needle, and it would be handy to have help in altering and adapting to her own wear some handsome garments of the late Mrs. MacWhirter. Everything in the house—clothes, plate, and furniture—was divided between the two nieces. To Mary Ann the large silver spirit-stand and best cruet, to Selina the tea-service, and so on. The only disappointment they experienced was in the fact that the sole amount of cash at the disposal of each was five hundred pounds, and they agreed that it showed bad management and a lamentable want of proper feeling for those who came after her, that the widow had not saved more out of her ample income.

Miss Keith did not accept Mrs. Kemp's invitation. She went instead on a visit to a married sister, and diligently plied that clever needle of hers on her own account. She had made the promise popularly associated in the female mind with a thorough renovation and replenishment of the wardrobe (having consented to become John Raymond's wife before the autumn), and gentler readers will at once understand how busily she stitched, and sewed, and copied patterns through the lengthening days, her labours lightened by hopes and thoughts sweet as the shy violets and fragrant lilies waking in the woods.

So when the spring was over, and the rose-bush on Mrs. MacWhirter's grave was blooming bravely in the lonely cemetery, Maggie came back to Darcon, and this time to a home of her own.

Such a pretty little home it was! As bright and trim and pleasant as Maggie herself, and that is saying a great deal. The young couple determined to begin prudently. Mr. Raymond had already saved some money, and could, had his bride wished it, have launched out a little more, but they both hoped that by the exercise of a few years' self-denial he might be able to buy a practice and set up for himself.

Dr. Marshall was talking of retiring, and would have liked nothing better than to see his younger colleague in his place, but John shook his head regretfully, and said he should have to content himself with something less than that.

"What a pity!" exclaimed Maggie, when they talked it over. "Every one knows you here, and they all like you."

"Yes," said Mr. Raymond, "it would, there's no denying it, be a splendid chance; but I don't see any prospect, unless Marshall would wait—No, darling, we must be content with a smaller berth elsewhere."

Of course Maggie protested she could be content anywhere with him; whereupon the conversation took a turn which caused that young matron to declare that she had no time to waste if John had, and that she must really run and see what made Betsy so late with lunch.

"I am going to give you a dish of my own

devising, sir," she said, "and shall want your usual candid opinion as to its merits."

"If it is not better than the abomination you put before me yesterday—"

Maggie's clear laugh rang out gaily.

"I'm afraid I made a victim of you then. By-the-bye, that was one of Mrs. MacWhirter's recipes—I'll just mark it. You see, it's a case of experiments at present; I shall get used to your tastes in time."

"Is to-day's experiment one of Mrs. MacWhirter's recipes?" asked John, dubiously, as his wife turned the leaves of a manuscript book she had taken from her desk.

"Oh, no! but some of them are really good, and I mean to try them all"—Mr. Raymond shuddered—"for the sake of poor Mrs. MacWhirter."

"And how far have you got?—there's a good many, isn't there? I am aware, my dear, that I owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. MacWhirter, since if it had not been for her we might never have met, but even gratitude has its limits. Look, here are two leaves stuck together—something extra good, perhaps. I wonder feminine curiosity has not induced you to try these hidden dishes first."

As Mr. Raymond spoke he took up a paper-knife and ran it between the two pages. They were closely written upon, like all the rest; but across the original neat and faded characters a bolder hand had penned some words, gazing on which, with no little perplexity husband and wife read as follows: "How to make a small fortune. This, undertaken by the proper person, and sufficiently early to ensure success, is very easy. If the reader be Margaret Keith, at one time companion to the late Mrs. MacWhirter, let the said Margaret Keith take this book and call on Mr. Inkerman, solicitor, Darcon-by-Sea. Add a few grains of explanation, and a simple monetary transaction, and the whole will turn out satisfactorily."

"What does it mean?" said Maggie, getting rather white.

"Well, I suppose," said Mr. Raymond, slowly, "it means that the old lady has taken this eccentric way of leaving you another twenty-pound note—or who knows, Maggie, it may be fifty pounds."

Maggie laughed at this unlikely notion, as her husband meant she should, for the little woman looked as pale and frightened as if she had received a verbal message from the departed Mrs. MacWhirter.

The dish of Mrs. Raymond's own devising met with scant attention. It was decided they would have time to go round to Mr. Inkerman before the doctor started on his afternoon round; and, luncheon over, Maggie popped on her bonnet, and the two quickly made their way to the lawyer's office, and were shown into his private room.

The perplexing paragraph was no sooner laid before him than he exclaimed, cordially,

"Mrs. Raymond, let me congratulate you. I had an idea from the first that if any one came forward to claim the money it would be you."

"I don't understand. What money?" said Maggie.

"Two thousand pounds, at present invested in consols," answered the matter-of-fact lawyer, "according to the wish of my late client, Mrs. MacWhirter; there to remain (interest meanwhile accumulating) for five years; and then to be distributed among the various charities named in the deed securing the proper disposal of the money, unless this communication—" pointing to the book—"or either of the similar communications contained in corresponding books, held by the two nieces of the deceased, had in the interim been discovered by the person named therein; in which case the money was to be paid to that person. It is you, therefore, Mrs. Raymond, who can claim the two thousand."

"But can I take such a sum without—without injury to others?" faltered Maggie.

"Undoubtedly," answered the lawyer, with a faint smile at the simplicity of the question. "No one has a better right to it than yourself, and I will immediately arrange for the transfer of the money."

When the interview was concluded, and they stepped again into the street, Maggie felt very much as if it were all a dream.

"John," said she, turning a roguish face to her husband, "my gratitude has no limits; and I think you will have to live on Mrs. MacWhirter's recipes."

"It would not be difficult," he replied, laughingly, "if they were all like this."

"No, indeed. And oh, John, how fortunate we are! for now you will be able to buy the practice."

Great was the mortification with which Mrs. Kemp and Mrs. Lacy heard of the chance they had let slip through their fingers. As the latter, speaking of the unlucky recipe-books, pathetically remarked, they had never had the heart to open those touching mementoes since their lamented relative's death. In fact it was some time before Mrs. Kemp could find hers. They were indignant with the Raymonds, and even went so far as to call Mrs. Raymond a "designing minx."

I do not think Maggie was a designing minx. If so, she was a great deal happier than she deserved to be. And although the two nieces talked no more of their "dearest aunt," that lady was not altogether consigned to oblivion, for the doctor and his wife in their prosperous household ever cherished with kindly feeling the memory of Mrs. MacWhirter.

HAMBLE SHELL-FISH DEPOSIT.

FEW of our readers, probably, know whence the chief supply of lobsters, crabs, and other shell-fish come for the London market. A large part comes from the little port of Hamble, situated on the creek of that name, which enters from Southampton Water about two miles below Netley.

Before visiting Hamble we were under the impression that these crustaceans, for which the place is famous, were caught in the creek or somewhere in the neighbouring waters. Nothing of the kind. They are all brought by vessels in wells at the bottom of the hold from Devonshire, Cornwall, the Scilly Isles, the west coast of Ireland, and the rocky shores of France and Norway. So far, therefore, Hamble can scarcely be called a "fishing village" according to the ordinary meaning of that designation, where the few resident fishermen rarely catch any fish larger than whittings, sprats, and similar small fry. Nevertheless, as the principal deposit in the south of England, this little port is of interest.

From Hamble they are sent all alive to London, Manchester, and other cities, where they generally arrive in good condition. It was interesting to see the mode in which they are preserved in the smacks during long voyages. At the time of our visit there were eight of these vessels lying at anchor, some of them having just arrived with the dark crustaceans in their tanks, while those that

had discharged their live cargoes were preparing to take their departure.

Considering the extent of the trade carried on at Hamble, it is perhaps the cleanest and quietest port in England. Instead of the cutters' cargoes being thrown into boats like dead fish, the live lobsters and crabs are as carefully handled as newborn babes, although they sometimes snap viciously. On the voyage when the sea is calm the lobsters and crayfish are taken out of the tanks with great care, put into a strong net, and towed over the ship's side, and when landed they are placed in a pond until they can be sent to market. Crabs are more hardy, but instead of being landed they are placed in floating chests, with the lids just a little above the level of the water. These oblong boxes are moored close in shore, having the appearance of small decked barges, with padlocks on the top, which are only opened when the crabs are taken out and packed for the market. That takes place generally in the evening, when the cases are conveyed to the Netley terminus, *en route* for London by the night trains. If there are any dead crabs in the chests they are rejected and boiled immediately for local consumption in and around Southampton and adjacent towns.

In this manner the staple—nay, almost the only—traffic of Hamble is conducted, and corresponds with its quiet aspect, which is no doubt due to this exceptional trade in Billingsgate supplies.

So quietly is it carried on, and so little show is made of the valuable cargoes in the village, that you rarely see crabs or lobsters in the few shops. However, at the inns they may be had during the season, which begins in March and ends in October, where they are served up in different dishes, one of which is termed a crab pie. A favourite meal for visitors is a "crab tea," which visitors partake of at a trifling cost.

On making inquiry as to the probable import annually of crustaceans, no printed statistics could be obtained, but it was said that the principal importers, Messrs. Scovell, bring in their own cutters an average of 120,000 crabs and crayfish and 85,000 lobsters. Another trader, Captain John Harnden, is said to import about one-third of these numbers respectively, so that there are imported during the season of seven months an annual average of 273,000 shell-fish of the crustacean kind, and sent from this port chiefly to London.

These enterprising conductors of the traffic and proprietors of the depôts at Hamble are well known in the trade as being among the oldest established and largest shell-fish merchants in England, the London market of lobsters, crabs, and crayfish being in greater part supplied by them. The trade has been carried on for more than a century along the south and western coasts of England and Ireland, and also in France and Norway. In each of these countries they have formed depôts, with extensive reservoirs, plant, gear, and other appliances for the purposes of their business, which employs many boats and some hundreds of fishermen. The fleet of fishing-smacks comprise twenty-two welled vessels, built expressly for the trade, and valued at above £40,000.

Why Hamble Creek was chosen as a marine deposit for crustaceans in preference to Southampton arose from the greater purity of its water, untainted by sewage, in preserving these delicate shell-fish alive. Two or three years ago an endeavour was made to turn the advantages of the port for its extension through a limited liability company. It was contemplated to combine the lobster and crab trades with oyster fisheries, which would occupy their fleet and staff from October to March, when they were unemployed, and thereby a large saving of labour and outlay would be effected. With this object it was proposed to unite with the Isle of Wight Oyster Fishery Company, who hold very extensive oyster ground, including two rivers, the Medina and the Newtown, which have been long celebrated for their fattening properties, together with the lakes or breeding-ponds attached to each. A sufficient number of subscribers did not come forward to establish the united company, consequently the scheme fell to the ground.

Notwithstanding this failure to extend the operations of the Hamble shell-fish depôts, the business is carried on as of old, profitably, evidently supporting the community in comfort. In strolling through the lanes from the main road, with houses and shops at intervals, there is an air of prosperity about the place seldom seen in fishing

ports. One feature is really charming about the dwellings, even of the humblest, and that is the culture of flowers, the climate being favourable for the growth of bright exotics. This floral feature adds to the pleasantness of the village.

Viewing its picturesque surroundings, it would be well adapted for a watering-place but for the drawback that its shores are covered with mud, so that the inhabitants cannot say to bathers, "Come unto these yellow sands." At the same time it is recorded in the History of England that the Saxon invaders landed here in the fifth century, and effected the first settlement of the West Saxons. The remains of an ancient pier may be seen on the opposite bank, beside which the decayed hull of a vessel 130 feet long, supposed to have been a Danish war galley, was found imbedded in the mud. Some remains, also, of an ancient castle exist on a projecting point of land on the west shore, where now the 1st Hants Volunteer Artillery awaken this slumbering locality by the echoes of their ordnance in target practice afloat.

On the county maps this water is named the River Hamble, but it is really a creek or inlet of the sea. Sailing up from its outlet into Southampton Water for three miles, it presents the aspect of a wide navigable river, and is spanned by a bridge at Bursledon, where formerly ship-building was carried on. Above that point for another three miles it narrows, until it ceases to be navigable at the head, where barges laden with coal float up by the flood tide to Botley, a market town, where a flour-mill grinds the corn of the district for exportation. The small stream that sets the mill going is all that represents a fresh-water river. Nevertheless, the sylvan scenery on the upper waters of Hamble Creek is unrivalled by any of the rivers in the south of England.

S. M.

Be amongst the Few.

THERE are some who smile, but more that weep ;
There are some who wake, but more that sleep ;
There are many sow, but few that reap ;
Then be amongst the few.
There are some who work, but more that wait ;
There are some who love, but more that hate ;
There are many marry, few that mate ;
Then be amongst the few

There are some who practise, more that preach ;
There are some who grasp, but more that reach—
There is no prize if gained by each ;
Then be amongst the few.
There are some who save, but more that spend ;
There are some who bid, but more that bend ;
Few honoured reach life's journey's end ;
Then be amongst the few.

KYNNERSLEY LEWIS

THE LATE SIR SALAR JUNG.

BY far the largest native State in India is Hyderabad, otherwise called the Nizam's Dominions. It is about the size of France, and three times larger than either Mysore or Gwalior, which are the next largest amongst the States feudatory to the British Government. It once extended from the Nerbudda to Trichinopoly, and from Masulipatam to Beejapore; but frequent cessions to the East India Company have reduced it to its present limits, which comprise an area of 25,337 square miles, with a population exceeding ten millions. The reigning family of the Nizams derives its authority from a chief named Asoph Jah (Nizam-ool-moolk), one of the leading commanders under Aurungzebe, and who, while nominally bearing allegiance to that sovereign, and administering the government of the Deccan as his viceroy, actually established himself there as an independent prince. The rulers of Hyderabad have always been faithful allies of the British Government in their wars with the French, the Mahrattas, and the Nabob of the Carnatic; and not the least striking instance of their loyalty was the steady support the then reigning prince gave in the time of the mutiny, when all around seemed dark and threatening, and when his very belief for the possibility of the existence of the English in India must have been terribly shaken. To the far-seeing shrewdness and firm fidelity of Salar Jung this result was largely due. For an outline of his public career we are indebted to a paper in the "Journal of the Indian Association."

Sir Salar Jung was born in 1829, and succeeded his uncle, Seraj-ool-moolk, as Minister, in the year 1853. His family name is Torab Ali, the name by which he is popularly known in England being merely a title conferred on him by the Nizam Nasir-ool-dowlah. The office of Minister of Hyderabad is no sinecure. Exalted though the position be, it carries with it many attendant evils, not the least of which arise from the jealousy of the nobles and courtiers who generally surround the Nizam. Though Sir Salar Jung had received his appointment as Minister with the approbation of the British Government, who since his accession to power gave him a steady support, and though for some years he had faithfully and creditably performed the duties of his office, yet the intrigues of his opponents were so far successful that in the year 1861, much to his own surprise and mortification, he was summarily dismissed by the late Nizam; and it was chiefly owing to the interposition of the Resident of Hyderabad he was reinstated in a post which no other person was found competent to occupy.

In order fully to appreciate the work achieved by Sir Salar Jung, it is necessary to bear in mind the state of the country when he was appointed. He succeeded his uncle as Minister just six days after that treaty had been concluded by which the fairest province in the Nizam's dominions had been made over to the British Government in

liquidation of the arrears of the pay of the contingent troops, and as security for their future regular payment. The exchequer was empty, the country in a thoroughly disorganised condition, infested by predatory bands which roamed through the length and breadth of the land in a way to necessitate repeated remonstrances on the part of the British Government. The revenue, or rather so much of it as was left, was not collected by officials of the Government, but farmed out to contractors, who ground down the unfortunate ryots, extracting from them as much as they could, though but a small proportion of the proceeds found their way to the treasury. There does not seem to have been even a pretension made to administer justice; those who were wronged and those who committed the wrong generally settled the matter between themselves, the stronger gaining the day. Hence it was that not only the nobles and *jaghirdars*, but even petty *munsudars* and minor officials attached to the court, kept in their service bodies of men whose duties were simply to fight the battles of their masters. As to courts, there were practically none. The *Kotwal*, or the head of the police, who was responsible for the preservation of the peace, himself took cognisance of minor offences; the more serious ones, unless they had already been settled by the parties themselves, were brought before the *Cazee*, the head of the Mohammedan Church, who presided over the Fonjdaree Adalat, and was himself open to influences of bribery and corruption.

Such was the state of the country when Sir Salar Jung, then but a young man of twenty-five, was appointed Minister. What his services have been so far as the British Government is concerned is a matter of public notoriety. During the exciting times of the mutiny Hyderabad was almost in a state of ferment; seditious sermons were preached in many of the mosques, and the "faithful" urged to rise against the "infidel" English. The swarming thousands of armed and turbulent men, who form so large a proportion of the population of Hyderabad, waited but for a word to break out in open rebellion; yet Sir Salar Jung, though young in years, was firm and faithful, and maintained towards the British Government a loyalty proof against every shock.

But the services of Sir Salar Jung in the regeneration of the country entrusted to his charge have been no less striking and successful. He infused order where nothing but chaos reigned before; he initiated reforms which were bitterly opposed to the religious prejudices and bigotry of those by whom he was surrounded; and, notwithstanding the unscrupulous hostility of his opponents, succeeded in leaving his mark in the history of Hyderabad, which will never be effaced. In former times the Dewan, or Minister, had the administration of the country entrusted to him in such a way that the whole responsibility rested on his own shoulders: he was himself the head of

every department, and was supposed personally to superintend its working. This, as will readily be believed, was practically impossible; hence the subordinate officials serving under him, especially those in the districts, had an amount of liberty given them which scarcely operated to the benefit of the country. And besides, there was another evil attached to this system of government. The Minister had the sole administration of government in his hands to the exclusion of other nobles in the State, who, of course, would not condescend to serve in any subordinate capacity, it being derogatory to their dignity. These naturally found vent for their superabundant energies in fighting against each other or raising dissensions against the State. Sir Salar Jung, therefore, very wisely elaborated a scheme by which not only was a good deal of work taken off his hands, but some of the leading nobles more associated with him in the government of the country.

Before his time it was customary to farm out the revenue to contractors. Now it is entirely collected by State officials, with the result that on the one hand there has been an accession of revenue to the Government, and on the other hand the ryots have been relieved from the extortion and oppression which they were subjected to in the time of the contractors. Before Sir Salar Jung's ministry there was no regular settlement of the land. By an arbitrary method a certain sum was assessed, which the ryot was compelled to pay. Within the last fifteen years, however, the work of settlement on soundly constituted principles has been carried out in the Nizam's dominions.

The various officers who now administer justice in the land are, so far as their judicial functions are concerned, subordinate to a High Court constituted in Hyderabad, and which hears appeals from the whole of the Nizam's dominions. Sir Salar Jung, soon after his appointment, gradually introduced civil and criminal courts, both in the city of Hyderabad and in the districts. Latterly he appointed a good many men from the North-Western Provinces of India to offices in the judicial department, a matter for which he has been blamed by his opponents, but which could not have been avoided by him, wishing as he did to carry out a thorough reform of the courts. The best of these judges had difficulty in getting their decrees carried out by the native officials, and there is now risk of the reforms not proving permanent.

Another department in which the reforms carried out have been very striking is the military. In former times the troops in the service of the State were not paid by the Government itself, but by *Jemadars*, or commanders, who contracted with the Government to keep up a certain number of infantry or cavalry, as the case may be, and in return received large *Jaghires*, or grants of land. The result was the *Jemadars* amassed large fortunes, and starved the men for whom these *Jaghires* were given them. Sir Salar Jung sequestered most of these *Jaghires*, and undertook on behalf of the Government the payment of the troops. At present the army of the Nizam may be said to consist of about ten thousand regulars and twenty-

five thousand irregulars. The regular, or the "Reformed" troops, as they are called, are officered by Europeans and Eurasians, and I believe, at a review held some years ago, Lord Napier of Magdala made some very complimentary remarks as to the state of discipline he found them in. The irregular troops are some of them officered by Europeans and the rest by natives, but they are quiet and orderly as compared to what they were in former times, when their lawlessness and turbulence knew no bounds.

Besides the reforms carried out in the departments above referred to, Sir Salar Jung initiated many movements for the improvement of the country. Among these may be mentioned the constitution of the engineering, educational, and medical departments. At present over the length and breadth of the land European and Eurasian engineers and surveyors are scattered, busy making bridges and roads, and cutting and repairing canals, tanks, and wells. Schools have been introduced into all the cities and the principal villages. Numerous scholarships have been founded by the Government for the encouragement of education, and a few years ago Sir Salar Jung sent two young men to England to acquire a practical knowledge of mining and geology so as to utilise their services in opening out the resources of the country. Numerous hospitals and dispensaries have been opened in various parts of the country, and a school under the superintendence of the Residency Surgeon is established for giving medical instruction.

When Sir Salar Jung recently paid a visit to England there were few who knew the high merits of the illustrious stranger. Now that he is deceased, let the memory be honoured of one who was a true friend of England, as well as a great benefactor of his own country. Let us hope that the good work inaugurated by him may be carried on by men as upright and as patriotic as Sir Salar Jung.

The Veiled Waterfall.

Glencrifisdale.

IN front of falling waters I reclined,
Which down a chasm tore their thundrous way;
Birches before them rose, with emerald spray
Screening the silvery foam which shone behind.
With every fitful wafting of the wind
The leafy veil was lifted, to display
The crystal splendour in its white array—
The changing drops in changeless form confined.
Thus earth's fair dreams and fancies intervene,
And veil Heaven's glory from our mortal eye,
Dimming things hoped for by things felt and seen:
O for God's breath—the Spirit from on high—
To flash upon us, through the Sundered screen,
The living waters of Eternity!

RICHARD WILTON.

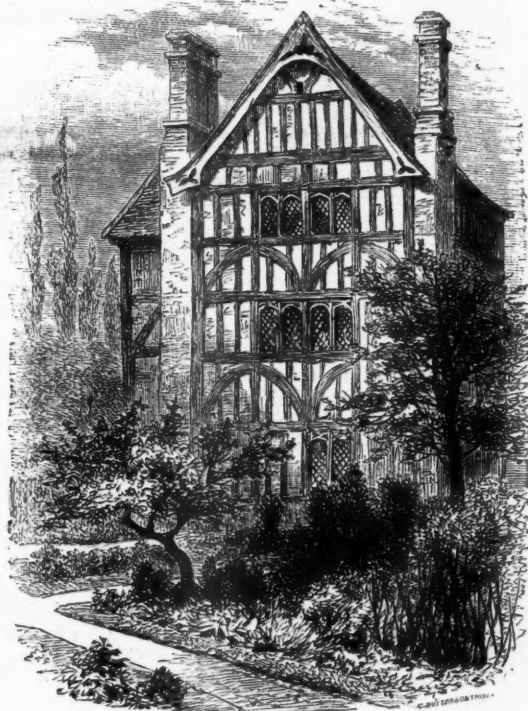
EPHING FOREST PAST AND PRESENT.

THE last of the great Essex woodlands, like the New Forest in Hampshire, has more than a local interest for Englishmen. The part which our forests played at an early period as natural defences against the invader, and the effect they had on what is called in modern times the "settlements of the English," have a vivid interest for the student of history, especially as they are pictured in the pages of the late Dr. Guest and John Henry Green. The Essex woodlands have in this way had their share in the history of south-eastern England. Epping Forest and its environs are also richer than might be thought in incidents and personal associations which have enriched our national life and literature. Nor is it generally known that the East Londoner's forest has an indigenous vegetation of a kind which gives it a unique place among our surviving aboriginal woodlands. A few notes upon both of these aspects, and upon the present revived and extended condition of the Forest, may be acceptable. The story of the encroachments in more recent times, and the ultimate rescue by the Corporation of London, is now a familiar one, and we need not refer to it, except as a happy illustration of the greater value assigned in our days to rural recreation in connection with City life. The visit of the Queen gave a kind of formal and gracious consummation to the successful struggle, and to-day the preservation of Epping Forest helps to freshen the air of even those City toilers who have never yet reached its outskirts.

Epping Forest as a woodland enjoys, as we have hinted, a rare and indeed unique distinction among our ancient sylvan relics. It is our only surviving hornbeam forest. Since the gradual destruction of the great Weald of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent—the ancient forest of Anderida, where the tree still lingers as scrub and underwood—Essex has become the only home of the wild hornbeam. It is the reigning tree in Epping Forest. Seen *en masse*, the strangeness of the foliage, although unfelt by familiar Londoners, arrests at once the visitor from the north or the midlands, from the oak glades of Sherwood and the remnants of the Forest of Dean or of Needwood, where the wild hornbeam is unknown. The present month (August) is usually the time in which Epping Forest best shows its distinctive hornbeam character. Let the visitor ascend some "coign of vantage," such as the beautiful wooded dome of Staple's Hill, near Loughton, or the fine headland known as Loughton Camp, about a mile distant, and see the forest of pollards for himself. The familiar fruit of the hornbeam may now be seen hanging in a series of green bells strung together in a long and graceful tassel. Tourists unaniously admit it to be one of the prettiest woodland sights of the autumn season near London.

A glance at the trees of Epping Forest naturally leads to a glance at the soil which sustains them,

and to know the Forest truly is to know its soil. The hornbeams, like the oaks, are the true autochthones and rightful prescriptive possessors of Epping Forest. This is a claim which we cannot yet make for the beeches. The hornbeams and oaks were here before Cæsar, before the Brythons and "Goidels," as the Gaels are now called, and even before the obscurer non-Celtic Ivernians. Their congenial soil is the stiff London clay and the glacial and clayey gravels which spread over five-sixths of the forest area. We may mention that the curious visitor will find very large glacial relics in the form of blocks of Sarsen stone outside the Wake Arms at Jack's Hill. Better still, at Epping Green he will find drift fossils from Lincolnshire as plentiful as at the famous diggings at Finchley. Fortunately for the holiday-maker and the naturalist alike, more genial conditions and consequently more varied plants and insects are found on the higher levels of the forest—at Loughton, Buckhurst Hill,



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LODGE AS RESTORED.

and similar elevations. Here the furze and purple ling tell of patches of warmer and sandier soil, and are alive with the gay sun-loving bees and butterflies. At High Beech Hill, the highest point in the Forest, the famous beeches are found rooted for the most part in the Bagshot (Hampstead) sand. Still as a whole it must be admitted

that cold, damp, and glacial conditions have determined the prevailing Forest vegetation.

No little attention is now being paid to the prehistoric remains found on the skirts of the Forest. The earliest traces of man's presence are found beneath the adjacent bank of the old River Lea, which washed the Forest slope on its western side.

by no means agreed as to the site of the critical battle. It was hoped that some confirmation of the tradition might be found during the excavations, and a section cut through the ramparts last year, under the guidance of Major-General Pitt Rivers, was examined with the keenest scrutiny. Up to the present date the only relics obtained are



OLD BRITISH CAMP, AMBRESBURY BANKS.

The ancient gravelly shore stretches from Chingford to Walthamstow and Stratford. At a depth of from fifteen to thirty feet are found the stone tools and weapons fashioned by the early hunter and fisher folk who encamped upon this ancient shore when the forest behind them was the home of the hairy elephant, rhinoceros, and herds of bison. The bones of these animals, with chipped implements, are found at Walthamstow and Ilford, as well as on the opposite Clapton shore. In the interior of the Forest more recent memorials of an unknown people are found, and these, unlike the former, have the advantage of being always accessible. They are two earthworks, or fortified camps, all overgrown with trees and ferns. Ambresbury Banks, the better known of the two, has recently been excavated by the Essex Field Club, who have given an interesting account of the work in their "Proceedings." It is more generally known as "Boadicea's Camp," and under this name it is certainly one of the most cherished and popular sights of the Forest. Tradition and county history associate the spot with the unfortunate patriotic queen of the Iceni and her fatal conflict with the Roman army under Suetonius, as told in the pages of Tacitus, but antiquarians are

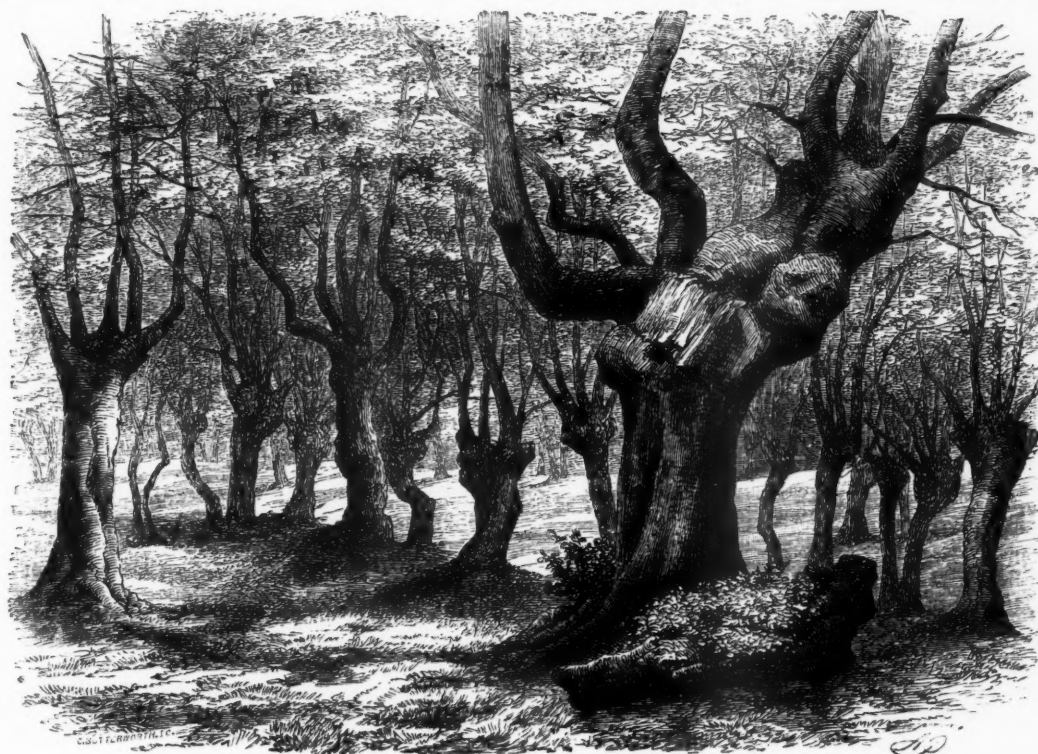
some pieces of rude pottery, of British and Romano-British make, which give no clue of a personal character. The structure of the camps of the period was, however, well shown. The ditch, instead of being flat at the bottom, so that they could be perambulated like the British camp at Cisbury, Coburn, and Seaford, was pointed, resembling in this respect the so-called "Cæsar's Camp" near Folkestone. Visitors will find the rampart, enclosing nine acres, well worth tracing. The camp lies on the Epping road, about a mile and a half from Theydon Bois railway station.

The second camp is a recent discovery, a fact which speaks well for the revived interest in Epping Forest and the trophies which may reward the enthusiastic investigator. The Loughton Camp, as it is called, discovered by Mr. B. H. Cowper some ten years since, occupies a position on a commanding headland. It affords a view far away over South Essex and over the Thames into Kent, as it probably did before Caint became converted by the Romans into Cantium. It is curious that both these thickly-wooded sites are proved to have lain formerly in the campaign. So does the condition of the Forest change.

On either side of the Forest we shall find a

pleasant fringe of historic interest. To realise this and at the same time enjoy one of the finest views of our lowland scenery, let us ascend Hawk Wood Hill (the obelisk on the summit will guide us) or High Beech. Both are reached from Chingford Station. Both points, too, overlook the wide old-world valley of the Lea, which is here as much as two miles in breadth. Up the opposite slopes the eye ranges to the wooded demesnes of Hertfordshire, and past Haileybury College to the dim uplands of distant Cambridgeshire. But it is the mid landscape that chiefly arrests the eye, for there the tower of Waltham Abbey rises and sheds a pathos on the wide scene. On his favourite church in the forest Harold lavished his affection and treasure, and the story of his final visit when about to march to Hastings to meet William of Normandy is told by Mr. Freeman in memorable pages. In later times Henry III and Henry VIII were frequent visitors to the abbey. Thomas Fuller, the witty author of the "Worthies," was curate here. The Waltham powder-mills now as then share the landscape with the abbey. In his "Essex Worthies" our author (about A.D. 1650) complains of "more gunpowder made by mills of late erected on the Lea than in all England besides."

of the recalcitrant princess, soon to be known as "Bloody Mary." At Chingford happier memories cling to the name of another English queen. Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, overlooking Chingford plain, even in its decay is worth a visit. It still bears traces of its former dignity either as the manor house or, as tradition has it, a hunting-lodge of the maiden queen. Alas! that this once romantic spot, with its broad open space in front, should have lost so much of its charm. At High Beech, the grand goal of all visitors to the Forest, Queen Elizabeth is still further commemorated, and her sylvan "drawing-room," under shadowy beeches, is fondly pointed out. With more certainty High Beech can boast a modern name of no little distinction. Here, at Beech Hill House (since pulled down), Alfred Tennyson was living with his family between the years 1833 and 1842, before removing to Tunbridge Wells. Here he wrote his "Talking Oak" and "Locksley Hall." The sadder story of another poet, John Clare, clings to Fairmead, close at hand. Fairmead House, in the year 1837, was a private lunatic asylum, surrounded by a large garden, and kept by a Dr. Allen, one of the first of the lunacy doctors who adopted the humane treatment of patients. Here poor Clare was brought in his



IN MONKS' WOOD, EPPING FOREST.

Two miles to the east of Waltham lies Copped Hall, famous in Mr. Froude's pages as the scene of Princess Mary's detention during the earlier years of Edward VI. An avenue of huge pollard oaks is still pointed out here as the favourite walk

of the forty-fourth year, a complete mental wreck. Within a few years he had tasted the sweets of popularity in London drawing-rooms and fashionable guinea "Annuals," and the bitterest adversity and humiliation. At Fairmead House, far away

from his Northamptonshire home, he lived for four years, digging in the garden, or roaming at will through Epping Forest. Clare wrote a sketch of his Forest promenades, which passed into Dr. Allen's possession. It began—

"I love the Forest and its airy bounds,"

and was full of local colour, with its allusions to the "Beech Hill mounting high," and "Buckett's [Buckhurst] Hill, a place of furze and clouds." To-day some of Clare's earlier and saner pictures of needy labour seem to anticipate the almost crushing power and pathos of the great French painter of peasant life, Millet, who knows so well the lot of rural indigence.

The eastern side of Epping Forest, skirted by the River Roding, is scarcely less rich in historic interest. Chigwell, Woodford, and Wanstead are all bright with memories of honoured and in some cases august names. William Penn, born at Wanstead, was educated in Chigwell Grammar School. It was here, "about the twelfth year of his age, anno 1656," he first had those divine visitations with "an inward comfort" and, as he thought, an external glory, in the rooms described by himself in his *Travels*, and by Antony Wood in the "Athenæ Oxoniensis." Needless to say, in Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" Chigwell appears in another aspect. "Chigwell, my dear fellow, is the greatest place in the world! Name your day for going! Such a delicious inn opposite the old churchyard! such a lovely ride! such beautiful forest scenery! such an out-of-the-way rural place! such a sexton! I say again, name your day!" Thus wrote the author of "Barnaby Rudge" to his friend and biographer John Forster, who goes on to describe Dickens's enjoyment in the double recognition of himself and Barnaby by the landlord of the Maypole. It is not so well known that Paley, the author of the "Evidences of Christianity," was once rector of Chigwell, though non-resident. An earlier rector, John Rogers, who assisted Tyndale and Coverdale in the first translation of the Bible, was burnt by Bonner at Smithfield. Coming to Woodford, we find it shares the Forest annals of royal visits. At Hart's, north of the Green, James I was entertained on his hunting expeditions, as we find in Wilson's life of the monarch. Among the inhabitants, or rather visitors, the name of the saintly George Herbert is cherished. In Izaak Walton's "Lives" we read: "About the year 1629, and the eighty-fourth of his age, Mr. Herbert was seized with a sharp quotidian ague, and thought to remove it by change of air, to which end he went to Woodford in Essex, led out thither more chiefly to enjoy the company of his beloved brother Sir Henry Herbert and other friends than of that family. In his house he remained about twelve months, and there became his own physician."

At Woodford, a clergyman of a far different type, Sydney Smith ("Peter Plymley"), was born, and still later, in 1823, Coventry Patmore, the poet of the domestic affections. But next to Waltham in historic interest, though perhaps con-

siderably below it, is Wanstead. Wanstead House was famous from the times of Queen Mary and Elizabeth, and will continue to live in the pages of Pepys and Horace Walpole. The rebuilt house, dating from the year 1715, was described by Arthur Young in his "Six Weeks' Tour in the South of England" (1768) as one of the noblest houses in England, vying even with Holkam, Blenheim, and Wilton. The story of its rapid ruin is a melancholy one. The owner, Sir J. Tynley Young, died in 1794, leaving an heiress in her minority. Unhappily she married a worthless suitor, who, by reckless and profligate expenditure, soon dissipated her wealth and encumbered the estate. In 1822 the contents were sold by auction by George Robins. The auction lasted thirty-two days, and produced £41,000. No one being willing to purchase the house as it stood, it was pulled down and the materials sold piecemeal. Now not a vestige of the place remains, and of the artificial ornaments of the grounds only the dismantled grotto. During the present century some illustrious exiles lived at Wanstead House. Residents close at hand still tell of parents or friends who remembered Louis XVIII and other members of the Bourbon family when here, and the king sitting under the elms and playing with the rector's children. The story of the departed glories of the place is well summarised in Mr. Thorne's "Environs of London."

Happily, the prodigality and folly which wasted Wanstead House and Park have ended in the public benefit. The park of nearly three hundred acres has been bought by the Corporation as a part of Epping Forest. The heronry still flourishes, and the forest holiday-maker will still be gladdened with the sight of a bird which, for its picturesqueness and its associations, has become classic in the English landscape.

The historic setting to a picture of Epping Forest might be amply enlarged were we not concerned to deal also with newer and present-day aspects. From Stratford eastward we should find almost each mile of the Forest environs tell us of the days when the tide of princely life and fashion flowed eastward, from the time of Edward the Confessor downwards, as far as the royal hunting-lodge of Havering-atte-Bower. In later times, as we know, it has turned westward.

We return now to Epping Forest as we find it to-day. Some of its natural charms we have already noticed. But few are aware how rapidly the waste and spoliation of the past are being repaired. Here are some of the most interesting instances. Within less than ten years the Forest area has been extended by reclamations until its three thousand acres have grown to six thousand. The fallow deer, which were well-nigh extinct (the red deer completely died out in 1827), have now increased until they number a full hundred. Mr. Harting has pointed out that they have become quite a local variety of the species, probably through long isolation, their dappled coats having peculiar markings. The Forest birds, both residents and migrants, now build and thrive unmolested. It is difficult in the season to be deaf to the nightingale and the cuckoo. The pools in the

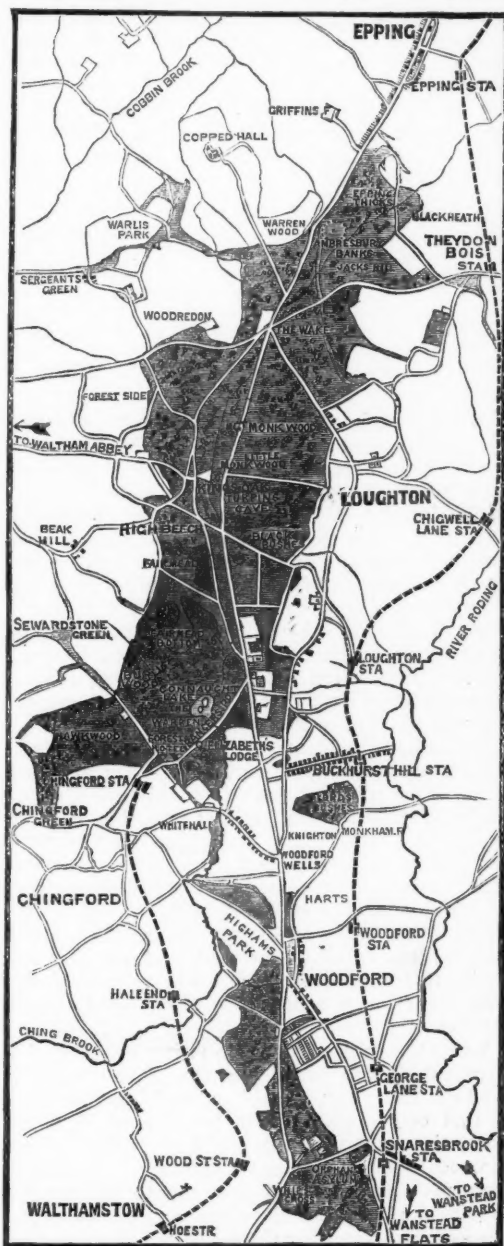
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heart of the Forest are now the home and breeding-place of the wild duck. Let the visitor be content to sit for a little time in quiet solitude, and he will witness some of the prettiest scenes of forest life—the antics of jay, magpie, and squirrel; the mallard rising from the reeds; or the grass moved by invisible means until the moorhen is seen leading her little ones into the stream.

The Forest of to-day, it must be admitted, is not a rich collecting ground for the naturalist. Chiefly for the geological reasons we have mentioned, its plants and insects are poorer than those of Kent and Surrey. It is probably less prolific than it was in the time of the Epping naturalist *par excellence*, Henry Doubleday. To-day the prizes in the form of plants, butterflies, and moths (but not beetles) are very very few. In its best days the Forest could not compare with Darenth Wood and the Surrey copses. It lacks the warm sandy banks in which the most interesting order of insects, the burrowing hymenoptera, delight to dwell. In aquatic insects and plants it is more prolific. Mr. Doubleday has recorded as many as thirty species of dragon-flies, and Dr. M. C. Cooke records some rare algae in the ponds. No doubt the ponds of Epping Forest are still the best resort near London for the microscopist. The Forest has, in fact, been living through adverse times. The Rev. Mr. Crombie has noticed the diminution of the lichens in his own days from three hundred to sixty, partly owing to the nearer drift of London smoke. Its ferns, too, as might be expected, are nearly extirpated. In 1860 there were at least twenty species, but these are now reduced to some three or four. Among the recent disappearances are the flowering fern, lady fern, and black spleenwort. But nowhere does the brake-fern clothe the ground with a greater wealth of fine tropical-looking fronds. Of the flowering plants the most interesting is the lily of the valley (which, by the way, is not found in the New Forest). In the bogs the pretty insectivorous sundew is found, but not the buckbean. The butterfly orchis and the twayblade are not uncommon. The spotted orchis grows in profusion and perfection in the more northern forest openings. The mistletoe is found at High Beech.

The stranger will find Epping Forest a true forest both in extent and scenery, a forest of self-sown trees, an ancient territory of Nature which has never been disturbed by the plough. Old hunting glades between the oak and beech, hornbeam and holly, open before him as they did before our Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, and Stuart hunting kings and queens centuries ago. The northern portion will specially delight him. Let him visit the buried Loughton Camp, Great and Little Monks' Woods, Jack's Hill, and Ambresbury Banks. We prefer to speak of these less frequented scenes. In Monks' Woods he will find bits of beauty fully equal to the most romantic parts of the New Forest. From the Wake Arms to Ambresbury Banks innumerable open glades and natural groups of trees surprise him at almost every step. Around the

moat of Ambresbury Banks are groups of pollard



* The best map of Epping Forest is the authenticated Arbitration Map (1883), a sixpenny edition of which has just been issued by Mr. Stanford. The railway approaches to the Forest are (1) From Liverpool Street to Chingford, for Hawk Wood, Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, and High Beech. (2) From Liverpool Street, or Fenchurch Street, to Loughton, Buckhurst Hill, and Theydon Bois. A favourite route by vehicle (which can be hired at the railway station) is from Loughton by Staple's Hill and on to Golding Hill for Monks' Woods, on to the Wake Arms for Ambresbury Banks, returning by the New Road for the King's Oak to High Beech and so to Chingford station. This route comprises the best forest scenery, whilst affording the best views over the Lea and Roding. It may be mentioned that at Woodford, on the high road to High Beech and Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, a boon has just been bestowed upon holiday-makers by the opening of the "Wilfrid Lawson" temperance hotel.

oaks of all forms, sizes, aspects, and ages. Here he may take the old hunting glade towards Epping which has recently been reopened by the Corporation, and admire the fine beeches unscathed by lopper and toppler. These are the more palpable features of Epping Forest to-day, and they are inexhaustible. A wild and ancient woodland, with all its delightful sights and sounds,

a pre-historic archæology buried beneath its turf, a fringe of national history on its borders, and great landscape views stretching around, together make up the great legacy bequeathed to us. Free as the air of heaven, it may well help to sweeten and elevate the lives of toiling East Londoners from generation to generation.

HENRY WALKER, F.G.S.

THE GREAT COMET OF 1882.

BY W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

SO remarkable a visitor as the great comet of last autumn may claim a little fuller notice than was given in the "Leisure Hour" for June, under the head of "The Comets of 1882."

The duration of the visibility of this comet was very great. It is now known that it was first seen from a ship sailing in the Gulf of Guinea on the 1st of September. The first complete scientific observation of it was made at the Cape of Good Hope on the morning of the 8th of that month. For more than seven months was it kept in view, the last observation, so far as is known, having been made by Dr. Julius Schmidt, of Athens, on the 27th of April of this year.

It was a magnificent object when near the sun on the 17th of September, being seen at many places in broad daylight. Not only was it *apparently* close to the sun on that day, but it *really* approached him within a distance smaller than that of any other recorded comet, excepting the famous comet (known as Newton's) of 1880, and the great comets of 1843 and 1880.

The orbits of the two latter were so similar that the idea was strongly expressed, and remains probable, that they were in fact two returns of the same comet, with a period of about thirty-seven years.

When the orbit of our late visitor was first determined, it was found that the elements of its orbit too had a considerable resemblance to those of that comet, particularly in its least distance from the sun, which brought it within about 300,000 miles of the sun's surface; and it was suggested, as remarked last month (where for 1860 read 1880), that the close approaches to the sun were so increasing the attraction of that body that the comet's orbit was being in consequence rapidly shortened, a process which, if continued at the same rate, would before long lead to its absorption into the sun. And if this shortening was sufficient to reduce the period after one revolution from thirty-seven years to a year and a half (it will be remembered that the great comet of 1880 appeared in the spring of that year), it was easy to "guess" that the next return would take place probably in a few months, certainly in the course of the present year, and that the final

absorption into the central luminary of our system would take place either at that return or not long afterwards. Hence a fear was aroused, amounting in some quarters to a panic, lest the result, apparently soon impending, of such a rush of matter into the sun, might be an outburst of solar heat so great as at any rate to destroy all life upon our earth, if indeed it was not sufficient to cause the destruction of the earth itself in consequence of the increase of temperature bursting its outer crust.

To Mr. Neison, well known for his scientific labours on the lunar theory, and now director of the newly-founded observatory at Durban, in Natal, is due the credit of first pointing out the groundlessness of this suggestion and of the consequent alarm. Any considerable reduction in the length of period of a comet must, he showed, be accompanied by an equivalent reduction of the eccentricity of its orbit. A comparison of the orbit of this comet and those of the orbits of the comets of 1843 and 1880 exhibited no such reduction in the amount of eccentricity, consequently the three comets could not be identical.

It is now generally understood that the length of period of the great comet of last year is *about* eight hundred years—probably somewhat more; so that it must have been last in these parts of space about the time of the Norman Conquest, though the period is not known with sufficient accuracy, nor are the records of the comets of those times sufficiently precise to enable us to identify it with any particular comet mentioned by the historians of the eleventh century.

The conclusion also results that the dismay at the anticipated outburst of solar heat produced by the approaching rush of this particular comet into the sun may be not merely postponed for eight hundred years, but dismissed altogether, since its passage within a distance from the sun scarcely exceeding that of our moon from ourselves does not appear to have had the effect of appreciably shortening its orbit, in consequence doubtless of its tremendously rapid motion when in and near that position compensating for the greatly increased attractive force of the sun upon it, acting according to the well-known law of the inverse square of the distance.

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BLACKBEETLES,

AND HOW I GOT RID OF THEM.

IN the "Leisure Hour" for August, 1870, will be found an article about that pest of our houses and kitchens, commonly known as the blackbeetle. It is so called only from resembling somewhat in shape the true beetles, or Coleopterous insects (those having hard sheaths to their wings). The blackbeetle, or "clock," as it is also called in some parts, belongs to a different order, the Orthoptera, having straight sheaths, and the wings themselves imperfect or rudimentary, except the males, which are comparatively few, and which can fly. To the same order belong the cockroach, the earwig, the cricket, and other well-known families of insects. The blackbeetle is a cockroach, and is known to naturalists as the *Blatta orientalis* of Linnæus, so named because it came from the East to Europe. It seems, however, to have originally come from the West Indies, and to have been conveyed by ships to other parts of the world.

Although known at an earlier period on the Continent, it is not a century yet since this pest was first noticed in Great Britain. The earliest account of its appearance is in one of the letters of Gilbert White, of Selborne, in 1790. This letter is quoted, with other notices of the history and habits of the *Blatta*, in the article in the "Leisure Hour" already referred to; and various methods are there described for the extermination of this disgusting and destructive inmate of our dwellings. The poisonous pastes usually sold for the purpose are very inefficient, and even if they destroy many insects, these are left in their holes to infect the air with their repulsive odour. The use of beetle-traps, and keeping food out of their reach, will alone avail to reduce their numbers. Our former article closed with these words: "In the absence of food, the majority will emigrate to more congenial quarters, while the trap and occasional battues will clear off the remainder."

From a correspondent, well known to our readers, we have received the report of a successful experiment, which is at least worth trying by others. Here is the statement:—

We have lately been moving out of one house into another. When we got fairly settled in our new domicile we discovered that it was swarming with "clocks." *Swarming!* I use the word because no other will give but the faintest idea of the multitudes that nightly disported themselves about the ground-floor of the building.

We tried the various remedies, approved and recommended, going through a long course of divers descriptions of beetle-powders and pastes; also trying cunningly devised "traps," such as bowls with ladders of wood or felt carpet leading up to its seductive depths, baited with treacle, beer, and other attractions.

But all seemed of no avail. We caught a great many (167 were counted one morning), but persecution only seemed to make them the more rampant. Not merely did they increase and multiply in numbers, but they thrived apace in person. They were the longest, and the broadest, and the biggest, and the blackest, and the shiniest it has ever been my lot to behold.

At last, one wet afternoon, the presiding genius of the kitchens, Elizabeth, came to me in despair. She called me

once more to come and see "them nasty clocks." I stood and looked, and I wondered what the end of it all would be. I began to think of the Bishop of Bingen and his Rat Tower on the Rhine, and I ran over my immediate past, and tried to think for what particular misdemeanour the clocks were coming to eat me up alive. While I mused I saw some coming out from a hole as large as a hazel-nut, between the oven and the chimney-shelf.

"They runs under the big oven," remarked Elizabeth. "I've a good mind to fill it up with water."

"Make a great mess," I suggested, "and do no good."

But—*Happy thought!*

"Elizabeth," said I, "Elizabeth—sulphur."

"Sul-phur," echoed she, possessed of a brain not quite so accustomed to rapid thought as mine.

"Poke that hole out as large as ever you can, and I will fetch the sulphur. I have some upstairs."

I fetched it—four pennyworth of it—flowers of sulphur, or brimstone powder. Then I made a funnel of paper and introduced as much of the "flowers" as I could; in short, I filled it up and pushed it well in with a small-pointed knife.

And then I set fire to it and awaited results, taking care not to inhale the dangerous fumes.

No "clocks."

I began to feel a little less like a victor than I had done two minutes before, for I had expected them to come tumbling out pell-mell headlong.

And there were no "clocks."

"Never mind," said I, swallowing my chagrin, "I may as well use it up."

So did I, but there were no "clocks."

But there was all at once such a stamping and yelling and banging and knocking in the kitchen of the next house, that we all in a minute realised that the "clocks" were migrating by hundreds, or, it might even be, by thousands, to judge by the heartrending wails of the young persons in the next establishment. One thing was very certain—they got them all. They could not come our way, for when the fumes of the sulphur had cleared off we found it had melted into a kind of resinous substance, which remains to this day entirely blocking up the hole. We hope that the migrating host did not settle in our neighbour's house, but moved to a distance.

Varieties.

Competitive Examination.—My experience has led me to doubt the value of competitive examination. I believe the most valuable qualities for practical life cannot be got at by any examination—such as steadiness and perseverance. It may be well to make an examination part of the mode of judging of a man's fitness, but to put him into an office with public duties to perform merely on his passing a good examination is, I think, a bad mode of preventing mere patronage. My brother is one of the best generals that ever commanded an army, but the qualities that make him so are quite beyond the reach of any examination.—*Sir Frederick Pollock.*

Professor De Morgan on Physiology Classes.—In his strictures on the teaching of physiology he had evidently not contemplated the possibility of the dissection of living animals for demonstration. Had the question of its expediency for the sake of science been put to him he would have said, as he always did on such occasions, that no imaginary end could justify means which were opposed to a positive law of humanity. And his own words on the subject of vivisection show what he thought of it. A surgeon had been describing to us some of Majendie's atrocities—since equalled by those of English and Scotch physiologists—and after our friend was gone I referred with horror to what he had said. My husband, who had been silent some time, said, "Don't talk of it;" then in a minute or two, pausing between the sentences, he added, "They will learn nothing by it. It's all of a piece. There is no God in their philosophy." Some few years after this time he came home one day from the

college evidently amazed, and told me that some pupils had applied to him to interfere in the following circumstances. A cat had been poisoned "for scientific purposes" before one of the classes. I asked him whether a repetition of this could not be prevented. He said, "Certainly; it must not happen again. It was too bad. I shall speak to —," another professor on the medical side, "and he will see to it." Accordingly he spoke to —, who satisfied him somehow that the thing would not recur. He had little notion that the professor appealed to was and had been performing experiments before his pupils on living dogs and cats. These were of so cruel a nature that I will not describe them. They were detailed to me by a highly respectable surgeon, who had been a student of the class referred to.—*Life of Professor De Morgan.*

Bankruptcy Law Reform.—Lord Derby, in a recent speech, gave a painfully true statement of affairs under the later bankruptcy law, and showed the need for speedy and effectual reform. "They all knew how matters were arranged, and that practically creditors had no control over them. They had to open their mouth and shut their eyes and take whatever the dishonest debtor, assignee, accountant, solicitor, or manager of estate offered to them. It was really too much to expect that the Government or the House of Commons could accept a bill which left these great scandals absolutely untouched, as a satisfactory solution or settlement of the bankruptcy law. The objects they should keep in view in bankruptcy reform were twofold. In the first place they wanted no doubt that dividends on bankruptcy estates should be as large as possible, and that distribution of assets should be honestly and satisfactorily conducted. But there was another object, which was much more important, and that was that there should be fewer bankruptcies. For, after all, in bankruptcies nothing they could do would make them satisfactory. Bankruptcies should not be the easy, convenient, agreeable, and profitable processes which they were at present. He was not at all surprised that a learned judge should have sarcastically observed that, as long as the law remained as at present, no man with any proper regard to the interests of his family would think of paying 20s. in the pound. He proposed in every case of insolvency, that there should be an inquiry into the cause of the insolvency. He wanted to treat an insolvency very much as we now treated the loss of a ship. If, after a careful examination of the circumstances which led to a man's insolvency, it was found that he was an honest trader who had been overtaken by misfortune, then he, of all persons, ought to rejoice that his innocence had been made clear, and he would leave the court without a stain on his character, he would obtain his discharge, and be able to go into business again; but if, on the contrary, he was found to have been guilty of negligence, then the court might suspend his discharge, or grant it subject to any conditions which it liked to impose, and if, after examination, he was found to have been guilty of fraud, then there was ample provision in the bill for his prosecution and punishment. That was an absolutely essential condition to any satisfactory reform of the Bankruptcy Law."

Collision of Comet with the Earth.—Laplace, after having reasoned on the probability of a comet in the course of ages interfering with our earth, thus pictures the effects of the collision:—"It is easy to represent the effect of such a shock upon the earth—the axis and motion of rotation changed, the waters abandoning their ancient position to precipitate themselves towards the new equator, the greater part of men and animals drowned in a universal deluge, or destroyed by the violence of a shock given to the terrestrial globe, whole species destroyed, all the monuments of human industry removed,—such are the effects which the shock of a comet might produce. The transference of the polar axis by a few degrees would suffice for all these effects."

Australian Emigration.—A correspondent of "The Times" gives his opinion and advice to intending emigrants:—"A man going out to Australia must be prepared to rough it, and to do any work—that is, if he would get the most money, and, if a stranger, had best not stay about the great cities, as Melbourne and Sydney. For instance, in Melbourne, a brewer can get men at 10s. to £1 per week, he providing their meals, these men working about ten hours per day. I

have seen him pay an excellent carpenter 6s. per day. By advertisement he can get numbers of clerks at £1 and 25s. per week and nothing provided. An insurance agent there also had between 40 and 50 letters for a vacancy as canvasser at 22s. 6d. per week. As regards the agricultural districts, no character is required, only work done, and that there is plenty of. Carpenters are paid readily 10s. per day. Labourers, for felling the timber and general work connected with conditional selections, get from 7s. to 12s. per day. On a squatter's run a man gets from £1 per week and all provided to £1 per day. But best of all is for a man to go to a sugar-cane growing district and take up a conditional selection. This costs to clear about £12 or £14 per acre. This includes timber felled and burnt off and cane planted. The returns are £20 per acre per annum or eighteen months. But he must be ready to carry his things on his back, at nightfall pitch his tent, make a fire, and boil his 'billy,' and often shoot something to make a meal of, and not see a white man for weeks. Still, if he is willing to work and endure a rough life, then Australia is a grand country, and a fortune is to be made there, especially in the north of New South Wales and in Queensland. Take the first job that offers and only leave it for a better. It may be hard for some time both for heart and hands, but he will soon say 'Advance Australia.'"

Southport Foreshore.—The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancashire, who was but recently changed from the Local Government Board, has met with severe remarks as to his sale to private persons of the foreshore of the town of Southport. The foreshore question is a familiar one in Brighton, and until it was brought to a final settlement a dozen years ago by the purchase of it from the lords of the manor it often gave rise to difficulty. It may be comprehended, therefore, that the authorities of Southport, a town of 45,000 inhabitants, are exceedingly annoyed at having been passed by after having been in negotiation up to February, 1882, for 4,000 acres of the foreshore fronting the town. The correspondence was discontinued, apparently owing to the Corporation not having bid high enough; but as the last letter of the town clerk declared the possession of it to be of vital consequence to the town, the inference must be that there was no intention to withdraw altogether. That, however, was the view officialdom took of the correspondence, and has since agreed with the lords of the manor to sell the foreshore to them over the head of the town of Southport. In this instance Mr. Dodson has to bear the brunt of an assault, apparently for concurring (when fresh in his new office) with what was submitted to him as a convenient mode of getting out of a somewhat troublesome business.—*Brighton Guardian.*

[It is said that the terms offered by the Southport Corporation are a payment of £15,000 for the unrestricted right in fee simple of what is represented as not more than one-half of the foreshore purchased by the landowners from the Duchy of Lancaster.]

Education on "Specific Subjects."—"Under the pretentious title of 'Domestic Economy,' cookery is chiefly supposed to be taught, but only theoretically and scientifically, as kitchens can seldom be attached to schools. Future kitchen-maids are taught to distinguish warmth-giving from flesh-forming foods respectively, as carbonaceous and nitrogenous. They can enumerate the ingredients of starch, fat, and sugar in the former as farinaceous, oleaginous, and saccharine matter; and of white of egg, fibre, curds, etc., in the latter as 'albumen,' fibrine, casein, gluten, etc. These terms, which belong to necessary classifications of much wider studies, will, no doubt, soon cease to burden their memories; but the time spent in so temporarily confusing their ideas can hardly be called advanced elementary instruction, and is lost to real elementary school-work. Teachers, nevertheless, receive public money for the operation, as if it were real instruction. In some large towns school boards have a salaried officer called a 'demonstrator of science,' who not only uses, but composes, special text-books for their schools, some of which extend the scope of 'scientific subjects,' making, for instance, domestic economy to include hygiene and all other science bearing on the healthiness and comfort of home—but invariably in scientific terminology, which alone justifies the distinction of the study as specific, and its public re-

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ward. By 'Animal Physiology' is meant a study of anatomical diagrams so far as to get by heart the Latin names of every feature, enabling a child to call the back of his head 'hocciput,' and his shoulder 'umerus.' Botany, which might be admirably used as a subject for the practice of reading, full of the most salutary interest, and giving pleasant exercise of consecutive thought, is presented to many children in a form of stiffest nomenclature, classifying flowers as monocotyleda or dicotyleda, and trees as gymnospermous conifers, or cycads."—*Lord Norton in "Nineteenth Century."*

Sir F. Pollock as Senior Wrangler.—During my first year I was not a "reading" man (so called); I had no expectation of honours or a fellowship, and I attended all the lectures on all subjects—Harwood's anatomical, Woollaston's chemical, and Farish's mechanical lectures—but the examination at the end of the first year revealed to me my powers. I was not only the first class, but it was generally understood I was first in the first class; neither I nor any one for me expected I should get in at all. Now, as I had taken no pains to prepare (taking, however, marvellous pains while the examination was going on), I knew better than any one else the value of my examination qualities (great rapidity and perfect accuracy); and I said to myself, "If you're not an ass, you'll be Senior Wrangler," and I took to "reading" accordingly. A curious circumstance occurred when the Brackets came out in the Senate-house declaring the result of the examination: I saw at the top the name of Walter bracketed alone (as he was); in the bracket below were *Fiott, Hustler, Jephson*. I looked down and could not find my own name till I got to Bolland, when my pride took fire, and I said, "I must have beaten *that man*, so I will look up again;" and on looking up carefully I found the nail had been passed through my name, and I was at the top bracketed alone, even above Walter. You may judge what my feelings were at this discovery; it is the only instance of two such brackets, and it made my fortune—that is, made me independent, and gave me an immense college reputation. It was said I was more than half of the examination before any one else.—*Letter to Professor De Morgan.*

Rag-picking in New York.—The rag-picking industry, which not long ago was wholly almost unknown, has recently grown to large dimensions in New York. The only variety now imported is cotton rags, upon which no duty is charged. These are worth from two to six cents per pound. All varieties of paper are made from cotton rags, and manufacturers complain of the supplies being inadequate. According to one authority there are no fewer than 2,000 Italian rag-pickers in New York, who average each about 35 cents per day, and collect about \$750,000 worth of rags annually together. The hand-cart men's business is estimated at \$3,000,000 annually—an enormous sum when we remember the population of New York. Last year cotton rags were imported to the value of \$10,000,000, and the total business in cotton rags is reported to have amounted to \$22,000,000. Woollen rags are used for making shoddies, and are gathered in the Eastern and Western States. The business done in them is said to amount to \$9,000,000 annually. None are imported, the tariff amounting to 12 cents per pound, while the rags are worth but from 3 to 35 cents per pound. In New York alone there are about 800 dealers in rags, as distinct from purchasers from housewives, and the Italians. The trade is entirely the growth of the last quarter of a century.

The Thames Bridges.—With regard to the question of communication between the banks of the Thames east of London Bridge, Messrs. Bell, Miller, and Bell have read a report to the committee formed with the object of arriving at some conclusion on the matter. They pronounce against a tunnel, a high-level bridge, and a low-level bridge, but put forward their views as to a plan known as the "Duplex Bridge." They say: "This is a low-level bridge, and at its soffit would be of the same height as London Bridge. It would be carried on iron cylinders, so as to give the least interruption to the waterways, so that the barges, ordinary river steamers, and other small craft traffic would not be interrupted. The bridge is proposed to cross the Thames from Tower Hill to Horselydown, and would start from each side in a straight line, but when approaching towards the

centre of the river would bifurcate into two branches of a V shape, the ends of which on both sides would be joined by opening swing bridges revolving on their centres, and forming two passages for ships to pass through. On a ship passing through either from above or below, the swing bridge on one side would be opened, while the traffic of the bridge would be diverted by a simple arrangement along the other swing bridge, and when that bridge was opened to allow of the ship passing through, the other swing bridge would by this time be closed, and the traffic of the roadway passing over. The traffic along the bridge would, therefore, be uninterrupted."

Reading in Schools.—The testimony of the inspectors of our national schools is that while literature and science are advertised in their programmes, and grants of public money awarded to such studies, there is but little that can be called intelligent reading to be heard in the highest standards of our best schools. "Really good reading," says one, "is very uncommon; the reading is seldom characterised by intelligence and expression." Another says, "Reading is seldom good, often fluent enough, but at the expense of distinct articulation and intelligent expression." A third says, "The schools in which I hear really good expression in the reading of any class might be counted on the fingers." A fourth says, "Until reading, the most important branch of elementary instruction, is better taught, the results of our whole system must be fallacious." A fifth says, "There is little good reading in my district; indistinctness of utterance, inaccuracy about easy words, inattention to stops, a sing-song tone, an entire absence of any sign of intelligence, characterise the ordinary reading."

My Lords and Peacocks.—One of the earliest indications of the approaching mental aberration of George III was his declared intention of beginning his speech from the throne with, "My Lords and peacocks." Against all remonstrance, he persisted in his purpose, but the crisis came before the day of opening Parliament. No one could understand the phrase till Professor De Morgan, long after, gave a happy conjecture in a letter to Sir John Herschel, who had heard of the story at the time. The old king knew Shakespeare well. In "Hamlet" there are several places in which Hamlet seems on the very point either of disclosing his step-father's villainy or giving him some reproach, but breaks off and substitutes something. In one case, where "ass" is clearly coming, he makes it "peacock":—

"For thou dost know, O Damon, dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very (ass) peacock."

Now George III had old-score recollections of the House of Commons. I suspect that when his mind was in his wanderings he determined to be revenged, and to say, "My Lords and Asses," and he remembered and imitated Hamlet's substitute.

Solitude of a Great City.—I recollect my first night in London. I looked out of the window of the little inn in which I was staying at the surging crowd which passed and repassed beneath me, and I could have screamed for some one who knew him, or knew somebody I knew, or something about which I could talk to them. This feeling of isolation in the midst of a vast crowd is absolutely painful.—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

Mrs. Carlyle's Sympathy.—Mr. Carlyle felt the death of his mother deeply, and his devoted wife was ready with her sympathy. Following a pathetic note of Carlyle's on the melancholy event—he had reached Scotsbrig in time to be present at her deathbed—is the letter of condolence written by his wife from Chelsea:—"Oh, my dear, never does one feel oneself so utterly helpless as in trying to speak comfort for great bereavement. I will not try it. Time is the only comforter for the loss of a mother. One does not believe in time while the grief is quite new; one feels as if it could never, never be less. And yet all griefs, when there is no bitterness in them, are soothed down by time, and your grief for your mother must be altogether sweet and soft. You must feel that you have always been a good son to her; that

you have always appreciated her as she deserved, and that she knew this, and loved you to the last moment. How thankful you may be that you went when you did, in time to hear the assurance of her love surviving all bodily weakness, made doubly sure to you by her last look and words. Oh, what would I have given for last words, to keep in my innermost heart all the rest of my life; but the words that awaited me were, 'Your mother is dead!' And I deserved it should so end. I was not the dutiful child to my mother that you have been to yours."—*Letters of Mr. Carlyle.*

Protoplasm and Life.—In reviewing a new book on Evolution, by Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the "Athenæum" says, "This mysterious 'life,' which no one has successfully defined, simply represents the sum total of the physical, chemical, and other properties of protoplasm. It is admitted that this view is essentially materialistic, but it is held to be the logical outcome of the facts. 'Life is a property of protoplasm—such is the latest product of scientific thought and research;' and this is what the reader has to content himself with by way of solution of his difficulties. It is true that all these facts and conclusions have to be considered 'apart from the phenomena of consciousness,' neither do they afford any explanation of the remarkable differences of behaviour of living and dead protoplasm, which, nevertheless, have the same chemical and physical properties; but any attempt to grapple with such difficulties would evidently be out of place in a popular exposition of some of the evidences of evolution."

Aurora Borealis.—In reading your "Varieties" in the January "Leisure Hour" on the Aurora Borealis, I am reminded of seeing a display of this glory of the sky in Cumberland Straits in the company of Captain Kenny, who went in search of Sir John Franklin. It was unlike anything I have ever seen elsewhere or read of. We went sailing up and down that notable inlet in latitude 76 deg. in the prosecution of the whale fishing, and one evening about eight o'clock I was enjoying a walk on deck, when I was arrested by some beautiful pillars of coloured light in the north. They flitted about for some fifteen minutes, and then, as they disappeared, a faint streak of yellow spread along the horizon north and west. This broadened into a band of yellow, that spread until, in about half an hour, it covered the half of the sky with an immense veil of yellow colour. It continued in this condition for two hours and then gradually faded away. After this auroral display we had a three days' storm.—JAMES BRAIK.

Umbrellas in France.—In the course of fifty years the umbrella trade has made remarkable progress in France, and especially in Paris. In the year 1830 there were about 115 umbrella makers in the capital, with a business amounting to about £180,000 a year, while the trade throughout the whole of the country did not exceed £280,000 a year. Seventeen years later the number of makers in France had increased to 303, their business yielding £400,000 per annum; but last year the number of umbrella and sunshade makers in Paris alone had risen to 408, and there were employed 1,508 workmen, making £520,000 worth of umbrellas. Including also the manufacture of umbrellas in other towns, such as Lyons and Bordeaux, the total value of the articles made in France last year amounted to nearly £1,200,000. From this total, £120,000 represented the quantity of umbrellas—163,231 of silk, 23,217 of alpaca, and 585,395 of cotton—which were exported to different countries, Turkey being by far the best customer.

Fiddle Dealers.—Charles Reade tells a tale of the romance of fiddle-dealing. There was a certain precious violoncello at Madrid. It was a genuine Stradivarius. The local maker, one Ortega, had put in a new belly and sold it, keeping the old belly in his shop. M. Chanut, "the best judge of violins left now Tarisio is gone," lighted upon the old belly and bought it. Tarisio then discovered it, and pestered Chanut till he sold it for a thousand francs, and told him where the remainder of the fiddle was to be found. The owner was persuaded to part with it for four thousand francs, and Tarisio started exultant for Paris with the Spanish bass in a case. He never let it out of his sight. The pair were caught by a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The ship rolled;

Tarisio clasped his bass tight and trembled. It was a terrible gale, and for one whole day they were in real danger. Tarisio spoke of it to me with a shudder. I will give you his real words, for they struck me at the time, and I have often thought of them since: "Ah! my poor Mr. Reade, the bass of Spain was all but lost." Was not this a true connoisseur? a genuine enthusiast? Observe! there was also an ephemeral insect called Luigi Tarisio, who would have gone down with the bass, but that made no impression on his mind. *De minimis non curat Ludovicus.* He got it safe to Paris. A certain high-priest in these mysteries called Vuillaume, with the help of a sacred vessel called the glue-pot, soon rewadded the back and sides to the belly, and the bass, being now just what it was when the ruffian Ortega put his finger in the pie, was sold for 20,000 fr. (800*l.*). I saw the Spanish bass in Paris many years ago.

Volcanic Action.—Humboldt's definition expresses the whole philosophy of the subject—"the reaction of the interior upon the exterior of a cooling globe." It is a stage in the progress from a molten fluid mass, as the sun still is, to a solid cinder, as the moon appears to be. In earlier epochs of the earth's existence we can therefore well suppose paroxysms of intenser action than are now ever witnessed, notwithstanding the twaddle about "uniformity" of action and of force. On a vastly larger scale the fierce outbursts on the sun's surface, and the tempestuous uprush of heated matter apparent at times in the sun's photosphere, are in principle the same as our volcanic action. Our earth annually loses heat enough, according to Sir William Thomson's estimate, to melt 777 cubic miles of ice, or to raise an equal bulk of water from 69° of Fahrenheit to the boiling-point. At this rate of cooling, if the earth does not meet with some other earlier doom, it would ultimately cool into a lifeless world like the moon.

London Hostleries.—Referring to the demolition of the old Cock Tavern in Fleet Street, a writer in the "Daily Telegraph" says: "The abolition of the tavern coffee-room, with its home-like air, its courtesy, and its conversation, its warmth and sociability, marked a great change in our social customs. This, however, is an age of glitter and glass. The restaurant has superseded the coffee-house and the tavern. People sit now in gorgeous rooms adorned with painted glass, and gaze at frescoed walls and coloured tiles, when before they used to take their dinner in an oaken box or a pew of polished mahogany, gazing at the fire on which steamed a cheery and confidential kettle. Those were the days of curious and comforting mixtures to keep out the cold before the long walk home, and when the head waiter and his attendants gave 'the regular customer' as warm a welcome as a traveller could find at any well-conducted inn in the good old times. We get more cleanliness and luxury out of the new fashion, but it is an open question if the young Government clerk or barrister of to-day can obtain on the whole a more wholesome or cosier meal than he could have found twenty years or more ago, when outside it was bitter cold and cheerless, but warm and homely enough in the neat little boxes where an honest, wholesome meal was discussed, and friendly conversation followed. Customs change, but there will be many regrets at the departure of old chop-houses, of which the Cock in Fleet Street is the very truest representative."

Fruit in Manitoba.—Hitherto it has been generally supposed that little or no fruit would grow in Manitoba and the North-West Territory; but an official statement declares that this notion is gradually being dispelled. The report of the Department of Agriculture of Manitoba contains some very important matter upon this subject. It is known for an absolute certainty that the prairies were once covered with forests, and there cannot be much doubt that trees will grow again so soon as the march of civilisation prevents the occurrence of the prairie fires; but it is the fruit question that is more particularly treated of in the report. It appears that the North-West has rather a long list of indigenous fruits—wild plum or prune (two varieties), black frost grape, service berry, red cherry, choke cherry, blueberry, gooseberry (two varieties, one quite large), red raspberry, strawberry, eyeberry, blackberry, west of mountains; cranberry, marsh, high bush, and sand; moosberry, swampberry or orangeberry, elder-

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berry, currants (red and black), and bloodberry. It may be doubted whether red and black currants are indigenous in Manitoba, but they certainly grow easily and yield generously. As to apples, the prevailing opinion seems to be that Manitoba will have to content itself with crabs; a greater mistake could not be made, according to the report. The same idea has prevailed more or less with respect to every new State, territory, or province brought under cultivation on the continent of America. Just as Nova Scotia, Quebec, and Ontario, once thought to be condemned to a perpetual appleless state, are now exporting the fruit by the million barrels, so will hardy varieties be found for the North-West up to at least the latitude corresponding with the northern limit of the apple in Europe. What is wanted in the North-West is for every farmer to experiment in a small way in the raising of seedlings of apples, pears, strawberries, plums, and all other fruits.

The Indian Jester and the Thieves.—Tennelram was a famous buffoon of the Court of a great prince in the East. One evening, while conversing with his wife in the parlour, he found out that thieves were lurking about the house. He told his wife in a loud voice, "My dear, I am afraid that thieves are prowling in this neighbourhood; it is better we put all our wealth in our great wooden box and drop it into our garden well." So saying, he filled a box with heavy stones and rubbish, and, securing it with locks, dropped it into the well. The thieves, imagining that Tennelram had given them a very fair opportunity of walking away with his riches, began to drain the well with the object of taking out the box. Tennelram, in the dark, set in order the garden channels which had long been neglected, and the water flowed into the beds. The night had far advanced, and yet no box appeared, as the well was very deep; and when the dawn broke out the thieves gave up the hopeless task and slowly crept out of the garden. Tennelram, who had just then finished the very agreeable task of irrigating his garden, exclaimed, "I am very thankful to you for having taken the trouble of watering my garden! Should you feel inclined, you may come some other day and drain the well and take the box, for I assure you it will remain where you have left it at present."

Violin Playing.—When Jardine, the famous French violinist, was asked what time it would require to attain perfection on his instrument, he answered, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years." Paganini remarked to De Beriot, that were they to study the violin for a whole life, its capabilities might be understood, but then another lifetime would be requisite to achieve its mastership. After hearing Paganini play, Mori offered to sell his fiddle and bow for five shillings.

New Source of Sugar Production.—It seems that the successful application of the processes for making sugar from sorghum, discovered by Professors Scoville and Weber, of the Illinois State Industrial University, has caused great excitement all over the State. Farmers are eagerly preparing to go into the sorghum sugar business, which will give them a larger profit to the acre than any other product. On 250 acres, the company who have been using the new processes have produced no less than 125,000lb. of sugar and 22,500 gallons of molasses, valued at 19,000 dollars, or an average of 76 dollars to the acre.

Clerkly Employment.—A gentleman advertised for a "clerk and book-keeper," at a weekly salary of £3, replies to be sent to the office of the "Daily Telegraph." In answer to this one advertisement upwards of 1,950 applications were received, and the number would probably be over 2,000 when the notice reached more distant places. We have often referred to this subject in the "Leisure Hour," pointing out the absurdity of so many young men regarding the pen as a more respectable tool for gaining a livelihood than other tools equally useful, and much more profitable. In carpentry, bookbinding, metal work of many kinds, and other handicrafts, there is ample room for skilled as well as ordinary and always well-paid labour. On one occasion, after such a statement, we received an abusive and threatening letter from the president or secretary of a trade union, protesting against inviting competitors for the work represented by him. Out-

side of unions, and without interfering with apprenticeships, or chapels, or guilds, and other trade arrangements, there is plenty of scope for a man handy with tools other than the steel pen, if steady and intelligent, to make a better living, and be more respected at home or in the colonies, than nineteen-twentieths of our poor clerks and other abject candidates for "respectable employment."

Brains and Hats.—Among the educated and intelligent classes the number of big brains is greater than with uneducated and less intelligent people. Among the latter, the proportion of brain-weights above 55 oz. has been ascertained to be only from four to six per cent., while the proportion among men who have been distinguished for great intellectual acquirement is at least 23 per cent. The brain-weights of only twenty-three such men are accurately known, and it is from these that the above proportion has been obtained. With few exceptions, these were all above the average capacity of 49 oz. First in this respect comes the celebrated naturalist Cuvier, with a brain-weight of 64½ oz., followed by the famous Scottish physician, Abercromby, and the poet Schiller, each with 63. Goodsir, the anatomist, follows at a considerable distance with 57½, Sir James Simpson with 54, and Chalmers with 53. That such men as Gladstone, Bright, etc., possess more than average brain-weight may be inferred from a statement lately made public of the size of hat worn by these and a number of other living or recently deceased statesmen and litterateurs. Premising that what is known to the trade as size 7 is that of the average head, with presumably 49 oz. of brain, and that 7½ is a size so large as only to be made when specially ordered, it appears that out of fourteen persons whose hat-sizes are given, two (Lord Chelmsford and Dean Stanley) were below, while other two (Lord Beaconsfield and the Prince of Wales) were exactly up to the average. Of the others, Dickens, Selborne, and Bright required 7½, Earl Russell, 7½; Lord Macaulay, Gladstone, and Thackeray, 7½; Louis Philippe, 7½; and the Archbishop of York, 8 full! Of the twenty-three distinguished men already referred to whose actual brain-weights are known, four, including the late Professor Hughes Bennet, and Hermann, the philologist, were distinctly below the average, showing, as Dr. Bastian points out in a recent work, that a "well-constituted brain of small dimensions may be capable of doing much better work than many a larger organ whose internal constitution is, from one cause or other, defective." When there is no such defect, however, the big brain, there is every reason to believe, confers an undoubted advantage on its owner. Such being the case, it is not surprising that the assertion recently made, that a sensible diminution had taken place of late years in the size of the heads of the male population of those islands, and consequently of the brains—for in health the brain always fills the skull—should have attracted attention. The data upon which this startling statement is founded have been supplied by the most persistent, if not the most scientific, class of head measurers—the hatters, whose evidence on the point is of the most circumstantial kind. One merchant, of large experience, states that of the six sizes of hats beginning at 21 inches, and increasing by one-half inch to 23½ inches, he was in the habit, five-and-thirty years ago, of buying for his retail trade in the following ratio, beginning at 21 inches—viz., 0, 1, 2, 4, 3, 1, while at the present time he is selling hats in the following ratio—viz., 3, 4, 3, 1, 1, 0. In other words, where only one hat was required, thirty-five years ago, at or under 21½ inches, he now requires seven; and where formerly four of the two largest sizes were required, he now needs only one. From numerous letters which have appeared in "Nature," the experience in this instance would appear to be that of the trade generally. One manufacturer writes: "I should say that heads generally are two sizes less than at the time (thirty to forty years ago) you refer to; a head of more than 24 inches circumference is now quite a rarity, whilst we make thousands of hats for heads with a circumference of about 21 inches." The decrease, according to another manufacturer, is so general "that we do not make big-sized hats for stock, but only as ordered, and very few then." That a similar diminution has taken place in Scotland is the experience of one of the principal hatters in Glasgow. There can be no reasonable doubt, therefore, that our hats are, on the whole, smaller than they were a generation ago; do smaller hats, however, in this case imply diminished heads? It has been

pointed out that the undoubted diminution is probably to be explained by a reference to change of fashion in the mode of wearing both hat and hair. Thirty years ago it was customary, as the prints of the time show, to wear the hat drawn well down over the head; how far over may be judged from the fact that it was customary, in England at least, to attach a piece of cloth to the under side of the brim at the back in order to take the friction off the coat-collar. On the other hand, the hair was worn thick and long, the present style of close-cropped hair being in those days associated with soldiers and prisoners. These two causes together seem fairly adequate to explain such decrease in the size of hats as has been noticed.—*The Scotsman*.

Sir Isaac Newton on Matter.—It seems probable to me that God in the beginning formed matter in solid, impenetrable, and moveable particles, of such sizes and figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportions to space, as most conduced to the end for which He formed them. . . . All material things seem to have been composed of the hard and solid particles above mentioned, variously associated in the first creation by the counsels of an intelligent agent. For it became Him who created them to set them in order; and if He did so, it is unphilosophical to seek for any other origin of this world, or to pretend that it might rise out of a chaos by the mere laws of nature; though, being once formed, it may continue by those laws for many ages.—*Sir Isaac Newton's "Optics," Book iii.*

Population in Germany and in the United States.—In Germany there are 205 inhabitants to the square mile, and in the United States 17.29. When the density of population is equal to that of Germany, the United States will have 595,534,840 inhabitants, not including the Indian territory and some tracts now unoccupied.

Fillibustering in Bechwanaland.—A lawless band of Europeans has lately taken advantage of the disorganised state of Bechwanaland, and has robbed the people of their cattle, and indeed carried on war in that territory. They were able to do this with the greater success that they have obtained at all times refuge for themselves and their stolen stock in the Transvaal, whilst the Government of that State had no quarrel whatever with the Bechwana chiefs. Thus a people beg for our help in the establishment of a good Government; they agree to submit to us and to pay the necessary taxes; and they befriend our people in a time of trouble. We govern them for a time, and then leave them; turning a deaf ear to them, when we see them shot down by irresponsible fillibusters, whose base of operation is a country of which we have the suzerainty!—*The Rev. J. Mackenzie, in "Nineteenth Century."*

An American Traveller in Russia.—The Rev. Dr. John Hall, who travelled in Russia last summer, has been describing his impressions of the country to an audience in New York. The following are extracts from his address:—"One of the first lessons that I learned in Russia was humility. I confess to have been guilty often of boasting of the magnitude of the United States; but when we think of the extent of Russia, we have to drop our swagger and boasting and become meek and moderate. From east to west Russia is 6,000 miles across, and from north to south 3,000 miles, or, in round numbers, Russia has double the extent of territory possessed by the United States. In the matter of unoccupied land, too, Russia is our superior. In some parts the population is only two persons to the square mile, and the average for the entire country is only ten to the square mile. The physical surroundings in Russia are not dissimilar to those in New Jersey. The land is only partly cultivated; it is mostly flat, in many places marshy and in others covered with a growth of inferior wood. Imagine New Jersey magnified by 10,000, and you can form a picture of Russia. The temperature in July and August is very like that experienced by the people of New Jersey in May or June. I have hope for Russia. We have known how slowly 5,000,000 of freed men have risen, surrounded as they have been by every favourable circumstance. The process is necessarily slow. Men in masses go down easily, but it is not so easy to lift them up. We must remember that it was only in 1860 that 40,000,000 of Russian serfs were set free. But schools have become

more plentiful; trade is becoming a factor; the sense of freedom among the people is growing; the power to read and the demand for books are increasing; and the process of raising is surely going on."

The Ministry.—Some of our readers may be interested in the following facts relating to the Ministry. The average age of the fourteen members of the present Cabinet is between fifty-six and fifty-seven. The first in years, as in position, is Mr. Gladstone, who was seventy-three on December 29. The youngest is Sir Charles Dilke, who has not yet completed his fortieth year. Seven are peers, one is heir-apparent to a dukedom, another is a baronet, another in the succession to a baronetcy; yet another is a bishop's son-in-law. Lords Spencer, Carlingford, Granville, Derby, Hartington, and Kimberley, and Sir William Harcourt, belong to families which, according to Mr. Bateman, have held land in the same county in unbroken male succession since the days of Henry VII. The united rent-rolls of Mr. Gladstone, Lords Spencer, Carlingford, Derby, Kimberley, and Northbrook, and Mr. Dodson, are reckoned in the modern Domesday Book at £289,330, and represent the ownership of 140,416 acres. Lord Hartington's father is proprietor of 198,665 acres, yielding a rental of £180,990. Lord Carlingford, it may be mentioned, is also heir-presumptive to his brother, Lord Clermont, who owns 21,027 acres, from which he draws an income of £15,784. Again, all the Cabinet Ministers, with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, are university men. Seven have been at Oxford, and six at Christchurch; six at Cambridge, and five at Trinity. Sir Charles Dilke's college was Trinity Hall. Six are public school men—the Premier, the Indian Secretary, and the new Chancellor of the Duchy being Etonians, and the President of the Council a Harrovian. The Chancellor was educated both at Rugby and Winchester, the Colonial Secretary at Eton and Rugby.

American Coloured Freedmen.—No people ever entered the portals of freedom under circumstances more unpropitious than the American freedmen. They were flung overboard on an unknown sea in the midst of a storm, without planks, ropes, oars, or life-preservers, and told they must swim or perish. They were without money, without friends, without shelter, and without bread. The land which they had watered with their tears, enriched with their blood, tilled by their hard hands, was owned by their enemies. They were told to leave their old quarters and seek food and shelter elsewhere. In view of this condition of things, the marvel is not so much that they have made little progress, but that they are not exterminated. I regret to observe that even coloured men are heard to deny that any improvement has taken place in their condition during the last twenty years. How they can do this I am utterly unable to see. Twenty years ago there was perhaps not a single schoolhouse for coloured children in the Southern States. Now there are two hundred thousand coloured children regularly attending school in those States. That fact, which does not stand alone, is sufficient to refute all the gloomy stories of croakers as to the progress of the coloured freedmen of the South. The trouble with these croakers is that they do not consider the point of the freedmen's departure. They know the heights which they have still to reach, but do not measure the depths from which they have come. For one, I can say that nothing has occurred within these twenty years which has dimmed my hopes or caused me to doubt that the emancipated people of this country will avail themselves of their opportunities, and by enterprise, industry, invention, discovery, and manly character, vindicate the confidence of their friends, and put to silence and to shame the gloomy predictions of all their enemies.—*Frederick Douglass.*

Trees on Roads.—Statistics have been published by the French Department of Public Works relative to the planting of trees along the high roads of the country. The total length of the Routes Nationales is 39,938,126 metres, of which 23,731,928 metres may be bordered with trees. Of this distance, 14,335,311 metres are planted, while 9,396,617 metres remain to be done. The number of trees used to form the welcome avenues is 2,691,698.—*Architect.* [In the "Leisure Hour" for August, 1879, an account was given, from official sources, of the trees of Paris: 1 the department of the Seine.]

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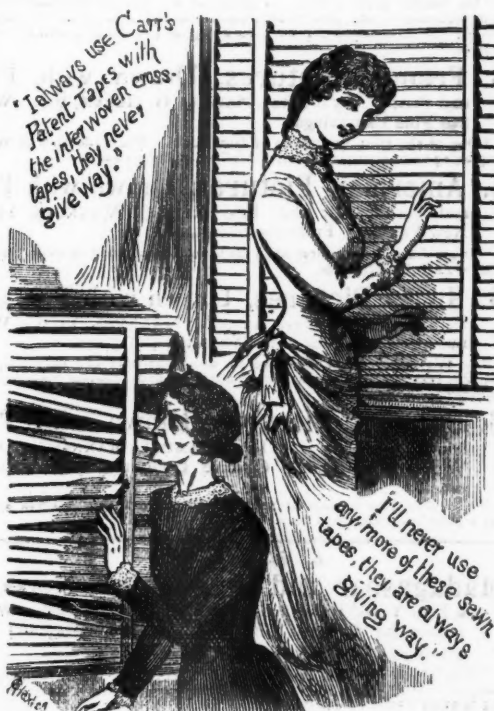
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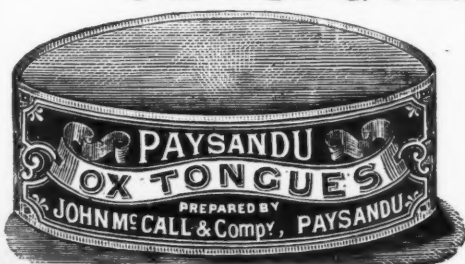
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